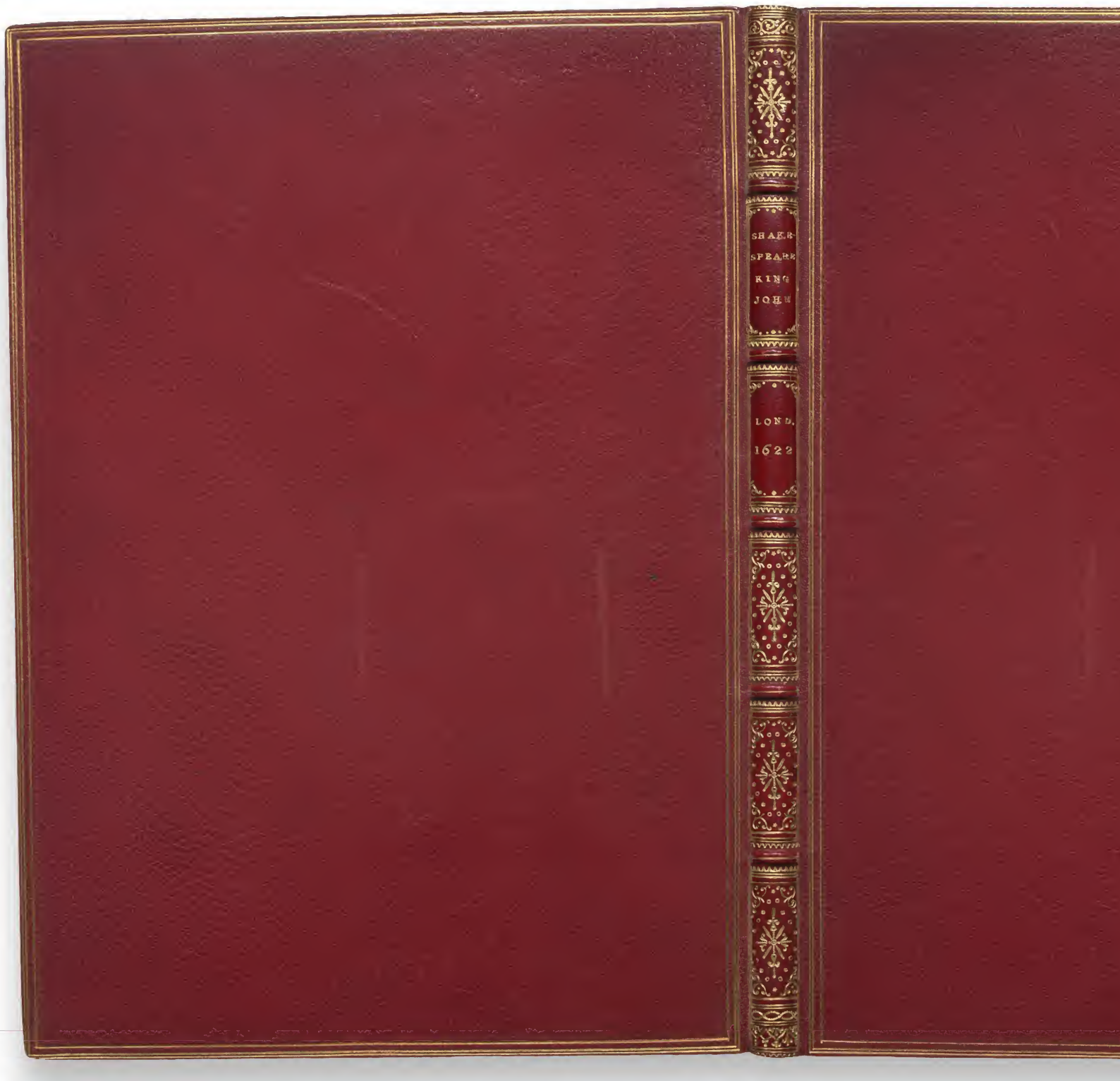
SHAKE-
SPEARE
KING
JOHN
LOND.
1622

BOUND BY F.BEDFORD

JA 3731

The first title is in FS.
The rest is perfect.

HOV

THE
First and second Part of
the troubleſome Raigne of
IOHN King of England.

With the diſcouerie of King Richard Cordelions Baſe ſonne (vulgarly named, the Baſtard *Fauconbridge*:) Alſo the death of King *Iohn* at Swinſtead Abbey.

As they were (ſundry times) lately acted.

Written by W. SHAKESPEARE.

EDINBURGH

LONDON,
Printed by *Aug. Mathewes* for *Thomas Dewe*, and are to be ſold at his ſhop in St. Dunſtones Church-yard in Fleet-ſtreet, 1622.

The troubleſome Raigne of *King* Iohn.

Enter K. Iohn, *Queene* Elinor *his mother,* William Marſhall *Earle of* Pembrooke, *the Earles of* Eſſex, *and of* Salisburie.

Queene Elinor.

BArons of *England*, and my noble Lords;
Though God and Fortune hath bereft from vs
Victorious *Richard* ſcourge of Infidels,
And clad this Land in ſtole of diſmall hew:
Yet giue me leaue to ioy, and ioy you all.
That from this wombe hath ſprung a ſecond hope,
A King that may in rule and vertue both
Succeede his brother in his Emperie.

K. Ioh. My gracious mother Queene, and Barons all;
Though farre vnworthy of ſo high a place,
As is the Throne of mighty *Englands* King;
Yet *Iohn* your Lord, contented vncontent,
Will (as he may) ſuſtaine the heauy yoke
Of preſſing cares, that hang vpon a Crowne.
My Lord of *Pembrooke* and Lord *Salisbury*,
Admit the Lord *Chattillion* to our preſence;
That we may know what *Philip* King of *France*
(By his Ambaſſadors) requires of vs.

Q. Elinor, Dare lay my hand that *Elinor* can geſſe
Whereto this weighty Embaſſade doth tend:
If of my nephew *Arthur* and his claime,
Then ſay, my Sonne, I haue not miſſ'd my aime.

Enter Chattillion *and the two Earles.*

Iohn. My Lord *Chattilion*, welcome into England:
How fares our brother *Philip* King of France?

Chat. His Highnesse at my comming was in health,
And will'd me to salute your Maiestie,
And say the message he hath giuen in charge.

Iohn. And spare not man, we are prepar'de to heare.

Chat. *Philip*, by the grace of God most Christian King of *France*, hauing taken into his guardain & protection *Arthur* D. of *Brittaine* sonne and heire to *Ieffery* thine elder brother, requireth in the behalfe of the saide *Arthur*, the Kingdome of *England*, with the Lordship of *Ireland*, *Poiters*, *Aniow*, *Toraine*, *Maine*: and I attend thine answer.

Iohn. A small request: belike he makes account,
That *England*, *Ireland*, *Poiters*, *Aniow*, *Toraine*, *Maine*,
Are nothing for a King to giue at once:
I wonder what he meanes to leaue for me.
Tell *Philip*, he may keepe his Lords at home,
With greater honour than to send them thus
On Embassades that not concerne himselfe,
Or if they did, would yeeld but small returne.

Chat. Is this thine answer?

Ioh. It is, & too good an answer for so proud a message.

Chat. Then King of *England*, in my Masters name,
And in Prince *Arthur* Duke of *Brittaines* name,
I doe defie thee as an enemie,
And wish thee to prepare for bloody warres.

Q. Elianor. My Lord (that stands vpon defiance thus)
Commend me to my nephew, tell the boy,
That I Queene *Elinor* (his grandmother)
Vpon my blessing charge him leaue his Armes,
Whereto his head-strong mother prickes him so:
Her pride we know, and know her for a Dame,
That will not sticke to bring him to his end,
So she may bring her selfe to rule a realme.
Next, wish him to forsake the King of *France*.
And come to me and to his Vncle here,
And he shall want for nothing at our hands.

Chat.

Chat. Thus shall I doe, and thus I take my leaue.

Iohn. *Pembrooke*, conuey him safely to the sea,
But not in hast: for as we are aduisde,
We meane to be in *France* as soone as he,
To fortifie such townes as we possesse
In *Anlow*, *Toraine*, and in *Normandie*. *Exit Chatt.*

Enter the Shriue and whispers the Earle of Salis. *in the eare.*

Salis. Please it your Maiesty, here is the shriue of Northampton-shire, with certaine persons that of late committed a riot, & haue apeald to your Maiesty, beseeching your Highnesse for speciall cause to heare them.

Ioh. Will them come neere, & while we heare the cause,
Goe *Salisbury* and make prouision,
We meane with speed to passe the Sea to *France*.
Say Shriue, what are these men, what haue they done?
Or whereto tends the course of this appeale?

Shriue. Please it your Maiesty, these two brethren vnnaturally falling at odds about their fathers liuing haue broken your Highnesse peace, in seeking to right their owne wrongs without course of Law, or order of Iustice, and vnlawfully assembled themselues in mutinous maner, hauing committed a riot appealing from triall in their country to your Highnes: and here I *Thomas Nidigate* shriue of Northamptonshire doe deliuer them ouer to their triall.

Iohn. My Lord of *Essex*, will th offenders to stand forth, and tell the cause of their quarrell.

Essex. Gentlemen, it is the Kings pleasure that you discour your griefe, and doubt not but you shall haue Iustice.

Phil Please it your M. the wrong is mine: yet will I abide all wrongs, before I once open my mouth t'vnrip the shamefull slander of my parents, the dishonor of my selfe, & the bad dealing of my brother in this Princely assembly.

Rob. Then, by my Prince his leaue, shall *Robert* speake,
And tell your Maiesty what right I haue
To offer wrong, as he accounteth wrong.
My father (not vnknowne vnto your Grace)
Receiu'd his spurres of Knighthood in the field,

Atkingly *Richards* hands in *Paleſtine*,
When as the walls of *Acon* gaue him way:
His name Sir *Robert Fauconbridge* of *Mountbery*.
What by ſucceſſion from his Anceſtors,
And warlike ſeruice vnder *Englands* Armes,
His liuing did amount to at his death
Two thouſand markes reuenew euery yeare:
And this (my Lord) I challenge for my right,
As lawfull heire to *Robert Fauconbridge*.
Phil. If firſt-borne ſonne be heire indubitate
By certaine right of *Englands* auncient Law,
How ſhould my ſelfe make any other doubt,
But I am heire to *Robert Fauconbridge?*
Ioh. Fond youth, to trouble theſe our Princely eares,
Or make a queſtion in ſo plaine a caſe:
Speake, is this man thine elder brother borne?
Robert. Pleaſe it your Grace with patience for to heare,
I not deny but he mine elder is,
Mine elder brother too: yet in ſuch ſort,
As he can make no title to the land.
Ioh. A doubtfull tale as euer I did heare,
Thy brother, and thine elder, and no heire:
Explaine his darke *Ænigma*.
Rob. I grant (my Lord) he is my mothers ſonne,
Baſe borne, and baſe begot, no *Fauconbridge*.
Indeede the world reputes him lawfull heire,
My father in his life did count him ſo,
And heere my mother ſtands to proue him ſo:
But I (my Lord) can prooue, and doe auerre
Both to my mothers ſhame, and his reproach,
He is no heire, nor yet legitimate.
Then (gratious Lord) let *Fauconbridge* enioy
The liuing that belongs to *Fauconbridge*.
And let not him poſſeſſe anothers right.
Ioh. Prooue this, the land is thine by *Englands* lawe.
Q. Elin. Vngratious youth, to rip thy mothers ſhame,
The wombe from whence thou didſt thy being take,

All

All honeſt eares abhorre thy wickedneſſe,
But gold I ſee doth beate downe Natures law.
Moth. My gratious Lord, and you thrice reuerend Dame,
That ſee the teares diſtilling from mine eies,
And ſcalding ſighes blowne from a rented heart:
For honour and regard of womanhood,
Let me entreate to be commaunded hence.
Let not theſe eares heere receiue the hiſſing ſound
Of ſuch a viper, who with poyſoned words
Doth maſſerate the bowels of my ſoule.
Ioh. Lady, ſtand vp, be patient for a while:
And fellow, ſay, whoſe baſtard is thy brother?
Phil. Not for my ſelfe, nor for my mother now;
But for the honour of ſo braue a man.
Whom he accuſeth with adulterie:
Here I beſeech your Grace vpon my knees,
To count him mad, and ſo diſmiſſe vs hence.
Rob. Nor mad, nor maz'd, but well aduiſed, I
Charge thee before this royall preſence here
To be a baſtard to King *Richards* ſelfe,
Sonne to your Grace, and brother to your Maieſtie.
Thus bluntly, and
Elian. Young-man, thou needſt not be aſhamed of thy kin,
Nor of thy Sire. But forward with thy proofe.
Rob. The proofe ſo plaine, the argument ſo ſtrong,
As that your Highneſſe and theſe noble Lords,
And all ſaue thoſe that haue no eyes to ſee)
Shall ſweare him to be baſtard to the King.
Firſt, when my Father was Embaſſadour
In *Germanie* vnto the Emperour,
The King lay often at my Fathers houſe;
And all the Realme ſuſpected what befell:
And at my Fathers backe returne agen
My Mother was deliuered, as tis ſed,
Sixe weekes before the account my Father made.
But more then this: looke but on *Philips* face,
His features, actions, and his lineaments,

And I

And all this Princely preſence ſhall confeſſe,
He is no other but King *Richards* ſonne.
Then gratious Lords, reſt he King *Richards* ſonne,
And let me reſt ſafe in my fathers right,
That am his rightfull ſonne and onely heire.
Ioh. Is this thy proofe, and all thou haſt to ſay?
Rob. I haue no more, nor neede I greater proofe.
Ioh. Firſt, where thou ſaidſt in abſence of thy Sire
My brother often lodged in his houſe:
And what of that? baſe groome to ſlander him,
That honoured his Embaſſador ſo much,
In abſence of the man to cheere the wife?
This will not hold, proceed vnto the next.
Q. Elin. Thou ſaiſt ſhe teem'd ſix weeks before her time,
Why good Sir Squire, are you ſo cunning growen,
To make account of womens reckonings?
Spit in your hand, and to your other proofes:
Many miſchances happen in ſuch affaires,
To make a woman come before her time.
Ioh. And where thou ſaiſt, he looketh like the King,
In action, feature, and proportion:
Therein I hold with thee, for in my life
I neuer ſaw ſo liuely counterfet
Of *Richard Cordelion*, as in him.
Robert. Then good my Lord, be you indifferent Iudge,
And let me haue my liuing and my right.
Q. Elin. Nay, heare you ſir, you runne away too faſt:
Know you not, *Omne ſimile non eſt idem?*
Or haue read in. Harke yee good Sir,
Twas thus I warrant, and no otherwiſe,
Shee lay with Sir *Robert* your father, and thought vpon
King *Richard* my ſonne, and ſo your brother was formed
in this faſhion.
Robert. Madame, you wrong me thus to ieſt it out,
I craue my right: King *Iohn*, as thou art King,
So be thou iuſt, and let me haue my right.
Ioh. Why (fooliſh boy) thy proofes are friuolous,

Nor canſt thou chalenge any thing thereby.
But thou ſhalt ſee how I will helpe thy claime:
This is my doome, and this my doome ſhall ſtand
Irreuocable, as I am King of England.
For thou know'ſt not, weele aske of them that know,
His mother and himſelfe ſhall end this ſtrife:
And as they ſay, ſo ſhall thy liuing paſſe.
Robert. My Lord, herein I challenge you of wrong,
To giue away my right, and put the doome
Vnto themſelues. Can there be likelihood
That ſhe will looſe?
Or he will giue the liuing from himſelfe?
It may not be my Lord. Why ſhould it be?
Iohn. Lords, keep him back, & let him heare the doome.
Eſſex, firſt aske the Mother thrice who was his Sire?
Eſſex. Lady *Margaret*, widow of *Fauconbridge*,
Who was Father to thy Sonne *Philip?*
Mother. Pleaſe it your Maieſty, Sir *Rob: Fauconbridge.*
Rob. This is right, aske my fellow there if I be a thiefe.
Iohn. Aske *Philip* whoſe ſonne he is.
Eſſex. Philip, who was thy Father?
Philip. Mas my Lord, and that's a queſtion: and you had not taken ſome paines with her before, I ſhould haue deſired you to aske my Mother.
Iohn. Say, who was thy Father?
Philip. Faith (my Lord) to anſwere you, ſure he is my father that was neereſt my mother when I was begotten, and him I thinke to be Sir *Robert Fauconbridge.*
Iohn. Eſſex, for faſhions ſake demand againe,
And ſo an end to this contention.
Robert. Was euer man thus wrong'd as *Robert* is?
Eſſex. Philip ſpeake I ſay, who was thy father?
Iohn. Young man how now, what art thou in a trance?
Elianor. Philip awake, the man is in a dreame.
Philip. Philippus atauis edite Regibus.
What ſaiſt thou *Philip*, ſprung of auncient Kings?
Quo me rapit tempeſtas?

What winde of honour blowes this fury forth?
Or whence proceedes theſe fumes of Maieſtie?
Me thinkes I heare a hollow Eccho ſound,
That *Philip* is the ſonne vnto a King:
The whiſtling leaues vpon the trembling trees,
Whiſtle in conſort I am *Richards* ſonne:
The bubling murmur of the waters fall,
Records *Philippus Regius filius:*
Birds in their flight make muſicke with their wings,
Filling the aire with glory of my birth:
Birds, bubbles, leaues, and mountaines, Eccho, all
Ring in mine eares, that I am *Richards* ſonne.
Fond man! ah whither art thou carried?
How are thy thoughts y wrapt in Honours Heauen?
Forgetfull what thou art, and whence thou camſt.
Thy fathers lands cannot maintaine theſe thoughts,
Theſe thoughts are farre vnfitting *Fauconbridge*:
And well they may; for why this mounting minde
Doth ſoare too high to ſtoupe to *Fauconbridge*.
Why how now? knoweſt thou where thou art?
And knoweſt thou who expects thy anſwere here?
Wilt thou vpon a franticke madding vaine
Goe looſe thy land, and ſay thy ſelfe baſe borne?
No, keepe thy land, though *Richard* were thy Sire,
What ere thou thinkſt, ſay thou art *Fauconbridge*.
Iohn. Speake man, be ſodaine, who thy father was.
Phil. Pleaſe it your Maieſtie, Sir *Robert*,
Philip, that *Fauconbridge* cleaues to thy iawes:
It will not out, I cannot for my life
Say I am ſonne vnto a *Fauconbridge*.
Let land and liuing goe, tis honours fire
That makes me ſweare King *Richard* was my Sire.
Baſe to a King addes titles of more State,
Than Knights begotten, though legitimate.
Pleaſe it your Grace, I am King *Richards* Sonne.
Robert, *Robert*, reuiue thy heart, let ſorrow die,
His faltring tongue not ſuffers him to lie.

Mo. What head-ſtrong fury doth enchant my ſonne?
Phil. *Philip* cannot repent, for he hath done.
Iob. Then *Philip* blame not me, thy ſelfe haſt loſt
By wilfulneſſe, thy liuing and thy land.
Robert, thou art the heire of *Fauconbridge*,
God giue thee ioy greater than thy deſert.
Q. Eli. Why how now *Philip*, giue away thine owne?
Phil. Madam, I am bold to make my ſelfe your nephew,
The pooreſt kinſman that your Highneſſe hath:
And with this Prouerbe gin the world anew,
Helpe hands, I haue no lands, Honor is my deſire;
Let *Philip* liue to ſhew himſelfe worthy ſo great a Sire.
Eli. *Philip*, I thinke thou knewſt thy Grandams minde:
But cheere thee boy, I will not ſee thee want
As long as *Elinor* hath foote of land;
Henceforth thou ſhalt be taken for my ſonne,
And waite on me and on thy Vncle heere,
Who ſhall giue Honour to thy noble minde.
Iob. *Philip* kneele downe, that thou maiſt throughly know
How much thy reſolution pleaſeth vs,
Riſe vp Sir *Richard Plantaginet* King *Richards* Sonne,
Phil. Grant Heauens that *Philip* once may ſhew himſelfe
Worthy the honour of *Plantaginet*,
Or baſeſt glory of a Baſtards name.
Iob. Now Gentlemen, we will away to *France*,
To checke the pride of *Arthur* and his mates:
Eſſex, thou ſhalt be Ruler of my Realme,
And toward the maine charges of my warres,
Ile ceaze the laſie Abbey lubbers lands
Into my hands to pay my men of warre.
The Pope and Popelings ſhall not greaſe themſelues
With gold and groates, that are the Souldiers due.
Thus forward Lords, let our command be done,
And march we forward mightily to *France*. *Exeunt.*

Manet Philip and his Mother.

Philip. Madame, I beſeech you deigne mee ſo much leaſure as the hearing of a matter that I long to impart to you

Mother. What's the matter *Philip?* I thinke your ſuit
in ſecret, tends to ſome money matter, which you ſuppoſe
burnes in the bottom of my cheſt.

Phil. No Madam, it is no ſuch ſuit as to beg or borrow,
But ſuch a ſuit, as might ſome other grant,
I would not now haue troubled you withall.

Mother. A Gods name let vs heare it.

Phil. Then Madam thus, your Ladiſhip ſees well,
How that my ſcandall growes by meanes of you,
In that report hath rumord vp and downe,
I am a baſtard, and no *Faulconbridge*.
This groſſe attaint ſo tilteth in my thoughts,
Maintaining combat to abridge mine eaſe,
That field and towne, and company alone,
What ſo I doe, or whereſoere I am,
I cannot chaſe the ſlander from my thoughts.
If it be true, reſolue me of my ſire,
For pardon Madam, if I thinke amiſſe.
Be *Philip*, *Philip*, and no *Faulconbridge*,
His father doubtleſſe was as braue a man,
To you on knees, as ſometime *Phaeton*,
Miſtruſting ſilly *Merop* for his ſire,
Straining a little baſhfull modeſty,
I beg ſome inſtance whence I am extraught.

Moth. Yet more adoe to haſt me to my graue,
And wilt thou too become a mothers croſſe?
Muſt I accuſe my ſelfe to cloſe with you?
Slaunder my ſelfe, to quiet your effects?
Thou moou'ſt me *Philip* with this idle talke,
Which I remit, in hope this mood will die.

Phil. Nay Lady mother, heare me further yet,
For ſtrong conceit driues dutie hence awhile:
Your husband *Faulconbridge* was father to that ſonne,
That carries markes of Nature like the ſire,
The ſonne that blotteth you with wedlockes breach,
And holds my right; as lineall in deſcent
From him whoſe forme was figured in his face.

Can Nature ſo diſſemble in her frame,
To make the one ſo like as like may be,
And in the other print no character
To challenge any marke of true deſcent?
My brothers mind is baſe, and too too dull,
To mount where *Philip* lodgeth his affects,
And his externall graces that you viewe,
(Though I report it) counterpoiſe not mine:
His conſtitution plaine debilitie,
Requires the chaire, and mine the ſeat of ſteele:
Nay what is he, or what am I to him?
When any one that knoweth how to carpe,
Will ſcarcely iudge vs both one countrey borne.
This Madam, this, hath droue me from my ſelfe:
And here by heauens erernall lampes I ſweare,
As curſed *Nero* with his mother did,
So I with you, if you reſolue me not.

Moth. Let mothers teares quench out thy angers fire,
And vrge no further what thou doeſt require.

Phil. Let ſonnes intreaty ſway the mother now,
Or elſe ſhee dies: Ile not infringe my vow.

Moth. Vnhappy taske: muſt I recount my ſhame,
Blab my miſdeeds, or by concealing die?
Some power ſtrike me ſpeechleſſe for a time,
Or take from him a while his hearing vſe.
Why wiſh I ſo, vnhappy as I am?
The fault is mine, and he the faulty fruit,
I bluſh, I faint, oh would I might be mute.

Phil. Mother be briefe, I long to know my name,

Moth. And longing die, to ſhroud thy mothers ſhame;

Phil. Come Madam come, you neede not be ſo loath,
The ſhame is ſhared equall twixt vs both.
Iſt not a ſlackneſſe in me, worthy blame,
To be ſo old, and cannot write my name.
Good mother reſolue me.

Moth. Then *Philip* heare thy fortune, and my griefe,
My honours loſſe by purchaſe of thy ſelfe,

My ſhame, thy name, and husbands ſecret wrong,
All maimd and ſtaind by youths vnruly ſway.
And when thou know'ſt from whence thou art extraught,
Or if thou knew'ſt what ſuites, what threats, what feares,
To moone by loue, or maſſacre by death.
To yeeld with loue, or end by loues contempt.
The mightineſſe of him that courted me,
Who tempered terror with his wanton talke,
That ſomething may extenuate the guilt.
But let it not aduantage me ſo much:
Vpraid me rather with the Romane dame,
That ſhed her blood to waſh away her ſhame.
Why ſtand I to expoſtulate the crime
With *pro & contra*, now the deed is done?
When to conclude two words may tell the tale,
That *Philips* fat her was a Princes ſonne,
Rich Englands rule, worlds onely terror he,
For honours loſſe left me with child of thee:
Whoſe ſonne thou art, then pardon me the rather,
For faire King *Richard* was thy noble Father.
Phil. Then *Robin Fauconbride* I wiſh thee ioy,
My ſire a King, and I a landleſſe boy.
Gods lady mother, the world is in my debt,
There's ſomething owing to *Plantaginet*.
I marry Sir, let me alone for game,
Ile act ſome wonders now I know my name.
By bleſſed *Mary* Ile not ſell that pride
For Englands wealth, and all the world beſide.
Sit faſt the proudeſt of my fathers foes,
Away good mother, there the comfort goes. *Exeunt.*

Enter Philip *the French King, and* Lewis, Limoges, Conſtance, *and her ſonne* Arthur.

King. Now gin we broach the title of thy claime,
Young *Arthur* in the Albion territories,
Skaeing proud *Angiers* with a puiſſant ſiege:

Braue

Braue *Auſtria*, cauſe of *Cordelions* death,
Is come to aide thee in thy warres;
And all our forces ioyne for *Arthurs* right,
And, but for cauſes of great conſequence,
Pleading delay till newes from England come,
Twice ſhould not *Titan* hide him in the Weſt,
To coole the fet-locks of his weary teame,
Till I had with an vnreſiſted ſhocke
Controld the mannage of proud *Angiers* walls,
Or made a forfet of my fame to Chaunce.
Conſt. May be that *Iohn* in conſcience or in feare
To offer wrong where you impugne the ill,
Will ſend ſuch calme conditions backe to *France*,
As ſhall debate the edge of fearefull warres:
If ſo, forbearance is a deede well done,
Arth. Ah mother, poſſeſſion of a Crowne is much,
And *Iohn* as I haue heard reported of,
For preſent vantage would aduenture farre.
The world can witneſſe, in his brothers time,
He tooke vpon him rule, and almoſt raigne:
Then muſt it follow as a doubtfull point,
That hee'l reſigne the rule vnto his Nephew.
I rather thinke the menace of the world
Sounds in his eares, as threates of no eſteeme,
And ſooner would he ſcorne *Europa's* power,
Than looſe the ſmalleſt title he enioyes;
For queſtionleſſe he is an Engliſhman.
Lewis, Why, are the Engliſh peereleſſe in compare?
Braue Caualiers as ere that Iſland bred,
Haue liu'd, and di'd, and dar'd, and done enough,
Yet neuer grac'd their countrey for the cauſe:
England is England, yeelding good and bad,
And *Iohn* of England is as other *Iohns*.
Truſt me young *Arthur*, if thou like my reed,
Praiſe thou the French that helpe thee in this need.
Lymog. The Engliſhman hath little cauſe I trowe,
To ſpend good ſpeeches on ſo proud a foe.

Why

Why *Arthur* here's his spoyle that now is gone,
Who when he liu'd outrou'd his brother *Iohn*:
But hastie curres that lie so long to catch,
Come halting home, and meete their ouer-match.
But newes comes now, here's the Embassadour.

Enter Chattillion.

K. Phil. And in good time, welcome my Lord *Chattillion*:
What newes? will *Iohn* accord to our command?

Chat. Be I not briefe to tell your Highnesse all,
He will approach to interrupt my tale:
For one selfe bottome brought vs both to France.
He on his part will trie the chance of warre,
And if his words inferre assured truth,
Will loose himselfe, and all his followers,
Ere yeeld vnto the least of your demands.
The Mother Queene she taketh on amaine
Gainst Lady *Constance*, counting her the cause
That doth effect this claime to Albion,
Coniuring *Arthur* with a Grandames care,
To leaue his Mother; willing him submit
His state to *Iohn*, and her protection,
Who (as shee saith) are studious for his good.
More circumstance the season intercepts:
This is the summe, which briefly I haue showne.

K. Phil. This bitter wind must nip some-bodies spring:
Sodaine and briefe, why so, tis haruest weather.
But say *Chattillion*, what persons of account are with him?

Chat. Of England, Earle *Pembrooke* and *Salisburie*,
The onely noted men of any name.
Next them, a bastard of the Kings deceast,
A hardy wild-head, tough and venturous,
With many other men of high resolue.
Then is there with them *Elinor* Mother Queene,
And *Blanch* her Neece, daughter to the King of Spaine:
These are the prime birds of this hot aduenture.

Enter Iohn and his followers, Queene, Bastard, Earles, &c.

K. Phil. Me seemeth *Iohn*, an ouer-daring spirit

Effects

Effects some frensie in thy rash approach,
Treading my Confines with thy armed troupes,
I rather lookt for some submisse reply
Touching the claime thy Nephew *Arthur* makes
To that which thou vniustly dost vsurpe.

K. Iohn, For that *Chattillion* can discharge you all,
I list not pleade my Title with my tongue.
Nor came I hither with intent of wrong
To *France*, or thee, or any right of thine;
But in defence and purchase of my right,
The towne of *Angiers*: which thou dost beg.rt
In the behalfe of Lady *Constance* sonne,
Whereto nor he, nor she, can lay iust claime.

Constance, Yes (false intruder) if that iust be iust,
And head-strong vsurpation put apart,
Arthur my sonne, heire to thy elder brother,
Without ambiguous shadow of discent,
Is Soueraigne to the substance thou withholdst.

Q. Elin. Misgouernd gossip, staine to this resort,
Occasion of these vndecided iarres,
I say (that know) to checke thy vaine suppose,
Thy sonne hath nought to doe with that he claimes.
For proofe whereof, I can inferre a Will,
That barres the way he vrgeth by discent,

Con. A Will indeed, a crabbed womans will,
Wherein the diuell is an ouerseer,
And proud dame *Elinor* sole Executresse:
More wills than so, on perill of my soule,
Were neuer made to hinder *Arthurs* right.

Arthur, But say there was, as sure there can be none,
The Law intends such testaments as void,
Where right discent can no way be impeacht,

Q Elin. Peace *Arthur* peace, thy mother makes thee (wings
To soare with perill after *Icarus*,
And trust me yongling for thy fathes sake,
I pity much the hazard of thy youth.

Con. Beshrew you else how pittifull you are,

Ready to weepe to heare him aske his owne;
Sorrow betide such Grandames and such griefe,
That minister a poyson for pure loue.
But who so blind, as cannot see this beame,
That you forsooth would keepe your cousin downe,
For feare his mother should be vs'd too well?
I there's the griefe, confusion catch the braine,
That hammers shiftes to stop a Princes raigne,
Q. Elian. Impatient, franticke, common slanderer,
Immodest dame, vnnurtur'd quarreller,
I tell thee I not enuy to thy sonne,
But iustice makes me speake as I haue done.
K. Phil. But here's no proofe that shews your son a king.
K. I. What wants, my sword shall more at large set down
Lew But that may breake before the truth be known.
Bast. Then this may hold till all his right be showne.
Lym. Good words sir sauce, your betters are in place.
Bast. Not you sir doubty, with your Lyons case.
Blanch. Ah ioy betide his soule, to whom that spoyle belong'd:
Ah *Richard*, how thy glory here is wrong'd.
Lym Me thinkes that *Richards* pride and *Richards* fall,
Should be a president t'affright you all.
Bast. What words are these? how doe my sinews shake?
My fathers foe clad in my fathers spoyle,
A thousand furies kindle with reuenge,
This heart that choller keepes a consistorie,
Searing my inwards with a brand of hate:
How doth *Alecto* whisper in mine eares?
Delay not *Philip*, kill the villaine straight,
Disrobe him of the matchlesse monument
Thy fathers triumph ore the Sauages,
Base heardgroom, coward, peasant, worse than a threshing slaue,
What mak'st thou with the Trophie of a King?
Sham'st thou not coystrell, loathsome dunghill swad,
To grace thy carkasse with an ornament
Too pretious for a Monarkes couerture?

Scarce

Scarce can I temper due obedience
Vnto the presence of my Soueraigne,
From acting outrage on this trunke of hate:
But arme thee traytor, wronger of renowne,
For by his soule I sweare, my Fathers soule,
Twise will I not reuiew the mornings rise,
Till I haue torne that Trophee from thy backe,
And split thy heart for wearing it so long.
Philip hath sworne, and if it be not done,
Let not the world repute me *Richards* sonne.
Lym. Nay soft sir bastard, hearts are not spilt so soone,
Let them reioyce that at the end doe win:
And take this lesson at thy foe-mans hand,
Pawne not thy life to get thy fathers skin.
Blan. Well may the world speak of his knightly valour,
That wins this hide to weare a Ladies fauour.
Bast. Ill may I thriue, and nothing brooke with me,
If shortly I present it not to thee.
K. Phil. Lordings forbeare, for time is comming fast,
That deeds may trie what words cannot determine,
And to the purpose for the cause you come.
Me seemes you set right in chance of warre,
Yeelding no other reasons for your claime,
But so and so, because it shall be so.
So wrong shall be suborned by trust of strength:
A tyrants practice to inuest himselfe,
Where weake resistance giueth wrong the way.
To checke the which, in holy lawfull armes,
I, in the right of *Arthur*, *Geffreys* sonne,
Am come before this City of Angiers,
To barre all other false supposed claime,
From whence, or howsoere the error springs.
And in his quarrell on my Princely word,
Ile fight it out vnto the latest man.
John. Know King of France, I will not bee commanded
By any power or Prince in Christendome,
To yeeld an instance how I hold mine owne,

More

More than to answere, that mine owne is mine,
But wilt thou see me parley with the Towne,
And heare them offer me allegance,
Fealtie and homage, as true liegemen ought.

K. Phil. Summon them, I will not beleeue it till I see it, and when I see it, Ile soone change it.

They summon the Towne, the Citizens appeare vpon the walls.

K. Ioh. You men of *Angiers*, and as I take it my loyall subiects, I haue summoned you to the walls: to dispute on my right, were to thinke you doubtfull therein, which I am perswaded you are not. In fewe words our brothers sonne, backt with the King of *France*, haue beleagred your towne vpon a false pretended title to the same: in defence whereof I your liege Lord haue brought our power to fence you from the Vsurper, to free your intended seruitude, and vtterly to supplant the foemen, to my right and your rest. Say then who keepe you the towne for?

Cit. For our lawfull King.

Ioh. I was no lesse perswaded: then in Gods name open your gates and let me enter.

Cit And it please your Highnesse we controll not your title, neither will we rashly admit your entrance: if you be lawfull King, with all obedience we keepe it to your vse, if not King, our rashnes to be impeached for yeelding, without more considerate triall: wee answere not as men lawlesse, but to the behoofe of him that prooues lawfull.

Ioh. I shall not come in then?

Cit. No my Lord, till we know more.

K. Phil. Then heare me speake in the behalfe of *Arthur* son of *Ieffery*, elder brother to *Iohn*, his title manifest, without contradiction, to the crowne & kingdome of England, with Angiers, & diuers townes on this side the sea: will you acknowledge him your Liege Lord, who speaketh in my word, to entertain you with all fauors, as beseemeth a King to his Subiects, or a friend to his welwillers: or stand to the peril of your cõtempt, whẽ his title is proued by the sword.

Citizen

Cit. We answere as before, till you haue prooued one right, we acknowledge none right, he that tries himselfe our Soueraigne, to him will we remaine firme subiects, and for him, and in his right we hold our towne, as desirous to know the truth, as loth to subscribe before we know: more than this we cannot say, & more than this we dare not doe.

K. Phil Then *Iohn* I defie thee, in the name and behalfe of *Arthur Plantaginet*, thy King and Cousen, whose right and patrimony thou detaineſt, as I doubt not, ere the day end, in a set battell make thee confesse; whereunto, with a zeale to right, I challenge thee.

K. Iohn, I accept thy challenge, and turne the defiance to thy throat.

Excursions. The Bastard chaseth Lymoges *the Austrich Duke, and maketh him leaue the Lyons skin.*

Bast. And art thou gone misfortune haunt thy steps,
And chill cold feare assaile thy times of rest.
Morpheus leaue here thy silent Eban caue,
Besiege his thoughts with dismall fantasies,
And ghastly obiects of pale threatning *Mors*.
Affright him euery minute with stearne lookes,
Let shadow temper terror in his thoughts,
And let the terror make the coward mad,
And in his madnesse let him feare pursuit,
And so in frensie let the peasant die.
Here is the ransome that allaies his rage,
The first freehold that *Richard* let his sonne:
With which I shall surprise his liuing foes,
As *Hectors* stature did the fainting Greekes. *Exit.*

Enter the Kings Heraulds with Trumpets to the walls of Angiers: *they summon the Towne.*

Eng. Her. Iohn by the grace of God King of England, Lord of Ireland, Aniow, Toraine, *&c.* demandeth once againe of you his subiects of Angiers, if you will quietly surrender vp the towne into his hands?

Fr. Herald. Philip by the grace of God King of France, demandeth in the behalfe of *Arthur* Duke of *Brittaine*, if you will ſurrender vp the towne into his hands, to the vſe of the ſaid *Arthur*.

Citizens. Heralds goe tell the two victorious Princes, that we the poore inhabitants of Angiers, require a parley of their Maieſties.

Heralds. We goe.

Enter the Kings, Queene *Elianor*, *Blanch*, *Baſtard*, *Lymoges*, *Lewis*, *Caſtilean*, *Pembroke*, *Salisbury*, *Conſtance*, and *Arthur* Duke of Brittaine.

Iohn. Herald what anſwer doe the Towneſmen ſend?

Philip. Will *Angiers* yeeld to *Philip* King of France?

Eng. Her. The Towneſmen on the walls accept your (Grace?

Fr. Her. And craue a parley of your Maieſty.

Iohn. You Citizens of Angiers, haue your eyes
Beheld the ſlaughter that our Engliſh bowes
Haue made vpon the coward fraudfull French?
And haue you wiſely pondred therewithall
Your gaine in yeelding to the Engliſh King?

Phil Their loſſe in yeelding to the Engliſh King.
But *Iohn* they ſaw from out their higheſt Towers
The Cheualiers of France and croſſe-bow ſhot
Make lanes of ſlaughtered bodies through thine hoaſt,
And are reſolu'd to yeeld to *Arthurs* right.

Iohn: Why *Philip* though thou brau'ſt it fore the walles,
Thy conſcience knowes that *Iohn* hath won the field.

Phil. What ere my conſcience knowes, thy Army feeles
That *Philip* had the better of the day.

Baſtard. Philip indeed hath got the Lyons caſe,
Which heere hee holds to *Limoges* diſgrace.
Baſe Duke to flye and leaue ſuch ſpoyles behind:
But this thou knewſt of force to make me ſtay.
It far'd with thee as with the Mariner,
Spying the hugie Whale, whoſe monſtrous bulke
Doth beare the waues like mountaines fore the winde,

That

That throwes out emptie veſſels, ſo to ſtay
His fury, while the ſhip doth ſaile away.
Philip t'is thine: and for this princely preſence,
Madame, I humbly lay it at your feete,
Being the firſt aduenture I atchieu'd,
And firſt exploite your Grace did me enioyne:
Yet many more I long to be enioyn'd.

Blanch. Philip I take it, and I thee command
To weare the ſame as earſt thy father did:
Therewith receiue this fauour at my hands,
T'encourage thee to follow *Richards* fame.

Arth. Ye Citizens of Angiers are ye mute?
Arthur or *Iohn*, ſay which ſhall be your King?

Citz. We care not which, if once we knew the right
But till we know, we will not yeeld our right.

Baſt. Might *Philip* counſell two ſo mighty Kings,
As are the Kings of England, and of France,
He would aduiſe your Graces to vnite
And knit your forces 'gainſt theſe Citizens,
Pulling their battred wals about their eares.
The Towne once wonne, then ſtriue about the claime,
For they are minded to delude you both.

Citi. Kings, Princes, Lords, and Knights aſſemble here,
The Citizens of Angiers all by me
Entreate your Maieſtie to heare them ſpeake:
And as you like the motion they ſhall make,
So to account and follow their aduice.

Ioh. Philip ſpeake on, we giue thee leaue.

Citz. Then thus: whereas the young and luſty Knight
Incites you on to knit your Kingly ſtrengths:
The motion cannot chuſe but pleaſe the good,
And ſuch as loue the quiet of the State.
But how my Lords, how ſhould your ſtrengths be knit?
Not to oppreſſe your ſubiects and your friends,
And fill the world with brawles and mutinies:
But vnto peace your forces ſhould be knit
To liue in Princely league and amitie;

Doe

Doe this, the gates of *Angiers* shall giue way,
And stand wide open to your hearts content.
To make this peace a lasting bond of loue,
Remaines one onely honourable meanes,
Which by your pardon I shall here display.
Lewis the Dolphin, and the heire of France,
A man of noted valour through the world,
Is yet vnmarried: let him take to wife
The beautious daughter of the King of Spaine,
Neece to King *Iohn*, the louely Lady *Blanch*,
Begotten on his sister *Elinor*.
With her in marriage will her Vnkle giue
Castles and Towers, as fitteth such a match.
The King thus ioynd in league of perfect loue,
They may so deale with *Arthur* Duke of Britaine,
Who is but young, and yet vnmeet to raigne,
As he shall stand contented euery way.
Thus haue I boldly (for the common good)
Deliuered what the Citie gaue in charge,
And as vpon condition you agree,
So shall we stand content to yeeld the Towne.

Arth. A proper peace, if such a motion hold;
These King's beare armes for me, and for my right,
And they shall share my lands to make them friends.

Q. Elin. Sonne *Iohn*, follow this motion, as thou loueſt thy mother.
Make league with *Philip*, yeeld to any thing:
Lewis shall haue my Neece, and then be sure
Arthur shall haue small succour out of France.

Iohn. Brother of France, you heare the Citizens:
Then tell me how you meane to deale herein.

Const. Why *Iohn*, what canst thou giue vnto thy Neece,
That hast no foote of land, but *Arthurs* right?

Lew. Bir lady Citizens, I like your choyce,
A louely damsell is the Lady *Blanch*,
Worthy the heire of Europe for her pheere.

Const. What King's, why stand you gazing in a trance?

Why

Why how now Lords? accurſed Citizens
To fill and tickle their ambitious eares,
With hope of gaine, that springs from *Arthurs* losse.
Some dismall Planet at thy birth day raign'd,
For now I see the fall of all thy hopes.

K. Phil. Lady, and Duke of Brittaine, know you both,
The King of France respects his honour more,
Then to betray his friends and fauourers.
Princesse of Spaine, could you affect my sonne,
If we vpon condition could agree?

Bast. Swounds Madam, take an English Gentleman?
Slaue as I was, I thought to haue moou'd the match.
Grandame you made me halfe a promise once,
That Lady *Blanch* should bring me wealth enough,
And make me heire of store of English land.

Q. Elinor, Peace *Philip*, I will looke thee out a wife,
We must with policy compound this strife.

Bast. If *Lewis* get her, well, I say no more:
But let the frolicke Frenchman take no scorne,
If *Philip* front him with an English horne.

Iohn, Lady, what answer make you to the K. of France?
Can you affect the Dolphin for your Lord?

Blanch. I thanke the King that likes of me so well,
To make me Bride vnto so great a Prince:
But giue me leaue my Lord to pause on this,
Least being too too forward in the cause,
If may be blemish to my modestie.

Q. Elin. Sonne *Iohn*,, and worthy *Philip* K of France,
Doe you conferre a while about the Dower,
And I will schoole my modest Neece so well,
That she shall yeeld as soone as you haue done.

Con. I, there's the wretch that brocheth all this ill,
Why flie I not vpon the Beldams face,
And with my nailes pull forth her hatefull eyes,

Arthur, Sweet mother cease these hasty madding fits:
For my sake, let my Grandam haue her will.
O would she with her hands pull forth my heart,

I could affoord it to appeaſe theſe broyles.
But (mother) let vs wiſely winke at all,
Leaſt farther harmes enſue our haſtie ſpeech.
Phil. Brother of England, what Dowrie wilt thou giue
Vnto my ſonne in marriage with thy Neece?
Iohn. Firſt *Philip* knowes her dowrie out of Spaine,
To be ſo great as may content a King:
But more to mend and amplifie the ſame,
I giue in money thirtie thouſand markes.
For land I leaue it to thine owne demaund.
Phil. Then I demaund *Volqueſſon, Torain, Main,*
Poiters and *Aniow*, theſe fiue Prouinces,
Which thou as King of England holdſt in France:
Then ſhall our peace be ſoone concluded on.
Baſt. No leſſe then fiue ſuch Prouinces at once?
Iohn. Mother what ſhall I do? my brother got theſe lands
With much effuſion of our Engliſh blood:
And ſhall I giue it all away at once?
Q. Elin. *Iohn* giue it him, ſo ſhalt thou liue in peace,
And keepe the reſidue ſans ieopardie.
Iohn. *Philip*, bring forth thy ſonne, here is my neece,
And here in marriage I doe giue with her
From me and my ſucceſſors Engliſh Kings,
Volqueſſon, Poiters, Aniow, Torain, Main,
And thirtie thouſand markes of ſtipend coyne.
Now Citizens, how like you of this match?
Citiz. We ioy to ſee ſo ſweete a peace begun.
Law. *Lewis* with *Blanch* ſhall euer liue content.
But now King *Iohn*, what ſay you to the Duke?
Father, ſpeake as you may in his behalfe.
Phil. K. *Iohn*, be good vnto thy Nephew here,
And giue him ſomewhat that ſhall pleaſe you beſt.
Ioh. *Arthur*, although thou troubleſt Englands peace,
Yet here I giue thee Brittaine for thine owne;
Together with the Earledome of Richmont,
And this rich Citie of Angiers withall.

Q. Elinor.

Q. Elian. And if thou ſeeke to pleaſe thine vncle *Iohn*,
So ſee my ſonne how I will make of thee,
Iohn. Now euery thing is ſorted to this end,
Let's in, and there prepare the marriage rites,
Which in S. *Maries* Chappell preſently
Shall be performed ere this Preſence part. *Exeunt.*

Manent Conſtance and *Arthur.*

Art. Madam good cheer, theſe drouping languiſhments
Adde no redreſſe to ſalue our aukward haps,
If heauens haue concluded theſe euents,
To ſmall auaile is bitter penſiueneſſe:
Seaſons will change, and ſo our preſent greefe
May change with them, and all to our reliefe.
Conſt. Ah boy, thy yeares I ſee are farre too greene
To looke into the bottome of theſe cares.
But I, who ſee the poyſe that weigheth downe
Thy weale, my wiſh, and all the willing meanes
Wherewith thy fortune and thy fame ſhould mount,
What ioy, what eaſe, what reſt can lodge in me,
With whom all hope and hap doe diſagree?
Arth. Yet Ladies teares, and cares, and ſolemn ſhewes,
Rather then helpes, heape vp more worke for woes.
Conſt. If any power will heare a widowes plaint,
That from a wounded ſoule implores reuenge;
Send fell contagion to infect this clime,
This curſed countrey, where the traytors breath,
Whoſe periurie (as proud *Briareus*,)
Beleaguers all the Skye with miſ-beleefe.
He promiſt *Arthur*, and he ſware it too,
To fence thy right, and check thy foe-mans pride:
But now black-ſpotted Periure as he is,
He takes a truce with *Elnors* damned brat,
And marries *Lewis* to her louely Neece,
Sharing thy fortune and thy birth-dayes gift
Betweene theſe Louers: ill betide the match.
And as they ſhoulder thee from out thine own,
And triumph in a widdowes fearefull cares:

So heau'ns croſſe them with a thriftleſſe courſe,
Is all the bloud y ſpilt on either part,
Cloſing the cranies of the thirſty earth,
Growne to a loue-game and a Bridall feaſt?
And muſt thy birthright bid the wedding banes?
Poore helpleſſe boy, hopeleſſe and helpleſſe too,
To whom misfortune ſeemes no yoake at all.
Thy ſtay, thy ſtate, thy imminent miſhaps
Woundeth thy mothers thoughts with feeling care,
Why looкſt thou pale, the colour flies thy face:
I trouble now the fountaine of thy youth,
And make it muddie with my doles diſcourſe,
Goe in with me, replie not louely boy,
We muſt obſcure this moane with melodie,
Leaſt worſer wrack enſue our male-content. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King of England, the King of France, *Arthur*, *Baſtard*, *Lewis*, *Lymoges*, *Conſtance*, *Blanch*, *Chattilion*, *Pembrooke*, *Salisbury*, and *Elinor*.

Iohn. This is the day, the long-deſired day,
Wherein the Realmes of England and of France
Stand highly bleſſed in a laſting peace.
Thrice happy is the Bridegroome and the Bride,
From whoſe ſweet Bridall ſuch a concord ſprings,
To make of mortall foes immortall friends.

Conſt. Vngodly peace made by anothers warre.

Phil. Vnhappy peace, that ties thee from reuenge,
Rouze thee *Plantaginet*, liue not to ſee
The butcher of the great *Plantaginet*.
Kings, Princes and yee Peeres of either Realmes,
Pardon my raſhneſſe, and forgiue the zeale
That carries me in fury to a deede
Of high deſert, of honour and of armes.
A boone (O Kings) a boone doth *Philip* begge
Proſtrate vpon his knee; which knee ſhall cleaue
Vnto the ſuperficies of the earth,
Till France and England grant this glorious boone.

Iohn.

Iohn. Speake *Philip*, England grants thee thy requeſt.

Phil. And France confirmes what ere is in his power.

Baſt. Then Duke ſit faſt, I leuell at thy head,
Too baſe a ranſome for my fathers life.
Princes, I craue the combate with the Duke
That braues it in diſhonour of my ſire.
Your words are paſt, nor can you now reuerſe
The Princely promiſe that reuiues my ſoule,
Whereat me thinkes I ſee his ſinewes ſhake:
This is the boone (dread Lords) which granted once,
Or life or death are pleaſant to my ſoule;
Since I ſhall liue and dye in *Richards* right.

Lym. Baſe baſtard, misbegotten of a King,
To interrupt theſe holy nuptiall rites
With brawles and tumults to a Dukes diſgrace;
Let it ſuffice, I ſcorne to ioyne in fight,
With one ſo farre vnequall to my ſelfe.

Baſt. A fine excuſe, Kings if you will be Kings,
Then keepe your words, and let vs combate it.

Iohn. *Philip* wee cannot force the Duke to fight,
Being a ſubiect vnto neither Realme:
But tell me *Auſtria*, if an Engliſh Duke,
Should dare thee thus, wouldſt thou accept the challenge?

Lym. Elſe let the world account the Auſtrich Duke
The greateſt coward liuing on the earth.

Iohn. Then cheere thee *Philip*, *Iohn* will keep his word,
Kneele downe, in ſight of *Philip* King of France,
And all theſe Princely Lords aſſembled heere,
I gird thee with the ſword of Normandie,
And of that Land I doe inueſt thee Duke:
So ſhalt thou be in liuing and in land
Nothing inferior vnto Auſtria.

Lym. K. *Iohn*, I tell thee flatly to thy face,
Thou wrongſt mine honour: and that thou mayſt ſee
How much I ſcorne thy new made Duke and thee,
I flatly ſay, I will not be compeld:
And ſo farewell ſir Duke of low degree,

Ile finde a time to match you for this geare. *Exit.*

Iohn. Stay *Philip*, let him goe, the honour's thine.

Baſt. I cannot liue vnleſſe his life bee mine.

Q. Elia. Thy forwardnes this day hath ioy'd my ſoule
And made me thinke my *Richard* liues in thee.

K. *Phil.* Lordings let's in, and ſpend the wedding day
In maskes and triumphes, letting quarrels ceaſe:

Enter a Cardinall from Rome.

Car. Stay King of France, I charge thee ioyn not hands
With him that ſtands accurſt of God and men.

Know *Iohn*, that I *Pandulph* Cardinall of Millaine, and Legate of the Sea of Rome, demand of thee in the name of our holy Father the Pope *Innocent*, why thou do'ſt (contrary to the lawes of our holy Mother the Church, and our holy Father the Pope, diſturbe the quiet of the Church, and diſanull the election of *Stephen Langhton*, whom his Holineſſe hath elected Arch-biſhop of Canterbury: this in his Holineſſe name I demand of thee?

Ioh. And what haſt thou or the Pope thy maſter to do to demaud of me how I imploy mine owne? Know ſir Prieſt, as I honour the Church and holy Churchmen, ſo I ſcorne to be ſubiect to the greateſt Prelate in the world. Tell thy maſter ſo from me, and ſay, *Iohn* of England ſaid it, that neuer an Italian Prieſt of them al, ſhal either haue tythe, tole, or Polling peny out of England; but as I am King, ſo will I raigne next vnder God, ſupreame head both ouer ſpiritual and temporall: and he that contradicts me in this, Ile make him hop headleſſe.

K. Phil. What K. *Iohn*, know you what you ſay, thus to blaſpheme againſt our holy father the Pope?

Ioh. Philip, though thou and all the Princes of Chriſtendome ſuffer themſelues to bee abus'd by a Prelates flauery, my minde is not of ſuch baſe temper. If the Pope will bee King of England, let him win it with the ſword, I know no other title he can alleadge to mine inheritance.

Card. Iohn, this is thine anſwer?

Iohn.

Iohn. What then?

Card. Then I *Pandulph* of *Padua*, Legate from the Apoſtolike Sea, doe in the name of Saint *Peter* and his ſucceſſor our holy Father Pope *Innocent*, pronounce thee accurſed, diſcharging euery of thy ſubiects of all dutie and fealtie that they doe owe to thee, and pardon and forgiueneſſe of ſinne to thoſe or them whatſoeuer, which ſhall carry armes againſt thee, or murder thee: This I pronounce, and charge all good men to abhorre thee as an excommunicate perſon.

Ioh. So ſir, the more the Foxe is curs'd the better a fares: if God bleſſe me and my Land, let the Pope and his ſhauelings curſe and ſpare not.

Card. Furthermore, I charge thee *Philip* K. of France, and all the Kings and Princes of Chriſtendome, to make warre vpon this miſcreant: and whereas thou haſt made a league with him, and confirmed it by oath, I doe in the name of our foreſaid father the Pope, acquit thee of that oath, as vnlawfull, being made with an Hereticke; how ſaiſt thou *Philip*, do'ſt thou obey?

Ioh. Brother of France, what ſay you to the Cardinall?

Phil. I ſay, I am ſorry for your Maieſtie, requeſting you to ſubmit your ſelfe to the Church of Rome.

Ioh. And what ſay you to our league, if I do not ſubmit?

Phil. What ſhould I ſay? I muſt obey the Pope.

Ioh. Obey the Pope, and breake your oath to God:

Phil. The Legate hath abſolu'd me of mine oath:
Then yeeld to Rome, or I defie thee here.

Ioh. Why *Philip*, I defie the Pope and thee,
Falſe as thou art, and periur'd King of France,
Vnworthy man to be accounted King.
Giu'ſt thou thy ſword into a Prelates hands:
Pandulph, where I of Abbots Monkes and Friers
Haue taken ſomewhat to maintaine my warrs,
Now will I take no more but all they haue.
Ile rouze the lazie lubbers from their cels,
And in deſpight Ile ſend them to the Pope.

Mother

Mother come you with me, and for the reſt
That will not follow *Iohn* in this attempt,
Confuſion light vpon their damned ſoules.
Come Lords, fight for your K. that fighteth for your good
Phil. And are they gone? *Pandulph* thy ſelfe ſhall ſee,
How France will fight for Rome and Romiſh rites.
Nobles to armes, let him not paſſe the ſeas,
Let's take him captiue, and in triumph lead
The King of England to the gates of Rome.
Arthur. Beſtirre thee man, and thou ſhalt ſee,
What *Philip*. King of France will doe for thee.
Blanch. And will your Grace vpon your wedding day
Forſake your bride, and follow dreadfull drums?
Nay, good my Lord, ſtay you at home with me.
Lew. Sweet heart content thee, and we ſhall agree.
Phil. Follow my Lords, Lord Cardinall leade the way,
Drums ſhall be muſicke to this wedding day. *Exeunt.*

Excurſions. The Baſtard purſues Auſtria, *and kils him.*

Baſt. Thus hath K. *Richards* ſon perform'd his vowes,
And offred *Auſtria's* blood for ſacrifice
Vnto his fathers euerliuing ſoule.
Braue *Cordelion*, now my heart doth ſay,
I haue deſeru'd, though not to be thine heire,
Yet as I am, thy baſe begotten ſonne,
A name as pleaſing to thy *Philips* heart,
As to be cald the Duke of Normandy.
Lie there a prey to euery rauning fowle:
And as my father triumpht in thy ſpoyles,
And trode thine enſignes vnderneath his feet,
So doe I tread vpon thy curſed ſelfe,
And leaue thy body to the fowles for food. *Exit.*

Excurſions. Arthur, Conſtance, Lewis, *hauing taken* Q. Elinor *priſoner.*

Conſt. Thus hath the God of Kings with conquering (arme
Diſpearft

Diſpearſt the foes to true ſucceſſion,
Proud, and diſturber of thy Countries peace,
Conſtance doth liue to tame thine inſolence,
And on thy head will now auenged be
For all the miſchiefs hatched in thy braine.
Q. Elinor, Contemptuous Dame, vnreuerent Dutches thou,
To braue ſo great a Queene as *Elinor*,
Baſe ſcold, haſt thou forgot, that I was wife
And mother to three mighty Engliſh Kings?
I charge thee then, and you forſooth ſir boy,
To ſet your Grandmother at liberty,
And yeeld to *Iohn* your Vncle and your King.
Conſt. T'is not thy words proud Queene ſhall carry it.
Elin. Nor yet thy threates proud dame ſhall daunt my mind.
Arth. Sweete Grandame, and good mother leaue theſe braules.
Elin. Ile find a time to triumph in thy fall.
Conſt. My time is now to triumph in thy fall,
And thou ſhalt know that *Conſtance* wil triumph.
Arth. Good mother, weigh it is Queene *Elinor*,
Though ſhe be captiue, vſe her like her ſelfe.
Sweet Grandame beare with what my Mother ſayes,
Your Highneſſe ſhall be vſed honourably.

Enter a meſſenger.

Meſſ. Lewis my Lord, Duke *Arthur*, and the reſt,
To armes in haſt, King *Iohn* relieues his men,
And ginnes the fight a freſh: and ſweares withall
To looſe his life, or ſet his mother free.
Lewis. Arthur away, t'is time to looke about.
Elin. Why how now dame, what is your courage coold.
Conſt. No *Elinor*, my courage gathers ſtrength,
And hopes to leade both *Iohn* and thee as ſlaues:
And in that hope, I hale thee to the field. *Exeunt.*

Excurſions. Elinor *is reſcued by* Iohn, *and* Arthur *is taken priſoner. Exeunt. Sound victory.*

Enter Iohn, Elinor, *and* Arthur *priſoner*, Baſtard, Pembrooke, Salisbury, *and* Hubert de Burgh.

Iohn, Thus right triumphs, and *Iohn* triumphs in right:
Arthur thou ſeeſt, France cannot bolſter thee:
Thy mothers pride hath brought thee to this fall.
But if at laſt Nephew thou yeeld thy ſelfe
Into the guardance of thine Vncle *Iohn*,
Thou ſhalt be vſed as becomes a Prince.
Arthur. Vncle, my grandame taught her Nephew this,
To beare captiuitie with patience.
Might hath preuail'd, not right, for I am King
Of England, though thou weare the Diademe.
Q. Elin. Sonne *Iohn*, ſoone ſhall we teach him to forget
Theſe proud preſumptions, and to know himſelfe.
Ioh. Mother, he neuer will forget his claime,
I would he liu'd not to remember it.
But leauing this, we will to England now,
And take ſome order with our Popelings there,
That ſwell with pride and fat of lay mens lands.
Philip, I make thee chiefe in this affaire,
Ranſacke the Abbeis, Cloyſters, Priories,
Conuert their coyne vnto my ſouldiers vſe:
And whatſoere he be within my Land,
That goes to Rome for iuſtice and for law,
While he may haue his right within the Realme,
Let him be iudg'd a traitor to the State,
And ſuffer as an enemy to England.
Mother, we leaue you here beyond the Seas,
As Regent of our Prouinces in France,
While we to England take a ſpeedy courſe,
And thanke our God that gaue vs victorie.
Hubert de Burgh take *Arthur* here to thee,

Be he thy Priſoner: *Hubert* keepe him ſafe,
For on his life doth hang thy Soueraignes Crowne,
But in his death conſiſts thy Soueraignes bliſſe:
Then *Hubert* as thou ſhortly hearſt from me,
So vſe the priſoner I haue giuen in charge.
Hubert. Frolicke young Prince though I your keeper be,
Yet ſhall your keeper liue at your command.
Arth. As pleaſe my God, ſo ſhall become of me.
Q. Elian. My ſonne to England I will ſee thee ſhipt,
And pray to God to ſend thee ſafe aſhore,
Baſt. Now warres are done I long to be at home,
To diue into the Monks and Abbots bagges,
To make ſome ſport among the ſmooth skind Nunnes,
And keepe ſome reuell with the ſanzen Friers.
Iohn. To England Lords, each looke vnto your charge,
And arme your ſelues againſt the Romane pride. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King of France, Lewis *his ſonne*, Cardinall Pandolph *Legate, and* Conſtance.

Philip. What, euery man attacht with this miſhap?
Why frowne you ſo, why droope ye Lords of France?
Me thinkes it differs from a warlike minde.
To lowre it for a checke or two of Chance.
Had *Lymoges* eſcapt the Baſtards ſpight,
A little ſorrow might haue ſeru'd our loſſe.
Braue *Auſtria*, heauen ioyes to haue thee there.
Card. His ſoule is ſafe and free from Purgatory,
Our holy Father hath diſpenſt his ſinnes,
The bleſſed Saints haue heard our Oriſons,
And all are mediators for his ſoule,
And in the right of theſe moſt holy warres,
His Holineſſe free pardon doth pronounce
To all that follow you gainſt Engliſh Heretikes,
Who ſtand accurſed in our mother Church.

Enter Conſtance *alone.*

Philip. To aggrauate the measure of our greefe,
All male-content comes *Constance* for her sonne.
Be briefe good Madame, for your face imports
A Tragicke tale behind that's yet vntold.
Her passions stop the Organ of her voyce,
Deepe sorrow throbbeth mis-befalne euents,
Out with it Lady, that our Act may end
A full Catastrophe of sad laments.
Const. My tongue is tun'd to storie forth mishap,
When did I breath to tell a pleasing tale?
Must *Constance* speake? let teares prevent her talke:
Must I discourse? let *Dido* sigh and say,
Shee weepes againe to heare the wracke of Troy:
Two words will serue, and then my tale is done:
Elinors proud brat hath robd me of my sonne.
Lewis. Haue patience Madame, this is chance of war:
He may be ransom'd, we reuenge his wrong.
Const. Be it ne're so soone, I shall not liue so long.
Phil. Despaire not yet, come *Constance*, goe with me,
These clouds wil fleet, the day wil cleare againe. *Exeunt.*
Card. Now *Lewis* thy fortune buds with happy spring,
Our holy fathers prayers effecteth this.
Arthur is safe, let *Iohn* alone with him,
Thy title next is fairst to Englands Crowne:
Now stirre thy father to begin with *Iohn*,
The Pope sayes I, and so is Albion thine.
Lewis. Thanks my Lord Legat for your good conceit,
T'is best we follow now the game is faire,
My father wants to worke him your good words.
Card. A few will serue to forward him in this,
Those shall not want: but let's about it then. *Exeunt.*

Enter Philip *leading a Frier, charging him shew where the Abbots gold lay.*

Phil. Come on you fat Franciscan, dallie no longer, but shew me where the Abbots treasure lies, or die.

Frier

Frier. Benedicamus Domini, was euer such an iniurie?
Sweet S. *Withold* of thy lenity, defend vs from extremity,
And heare vs for S. Charity, oppressed with austerity,
In nomini Domini, make I my homily,
Gentle Gentility grieue not the Cleargie.
Phil Gray-gown'd good face, coniure ye,
nere trust me for a groat
If this wast girdle hang thee not
that girdeth in thy coat.
Now bald and barefoot *Bungie* birds,
when vp the gallowes climing,
Say *Philip* he had words enough,
to put you downe with riming.
Fr. O pardon, O *parce*, S. *Francis* for mercie,
Shall shield thee from night-spels & dreaming of diuels,
If thou wilt forgiue me, and neuer more grieue me,
With fasting and praying, and *Haile Mary* saying,
From black Purgatory, a penance right sory:
Frier *Thomas* will warme you.
It shall neuer harme you.
Phil. Come leaue off your rabble,
Sirs, hang vp this lozell.
2, *Fr.* For charity I beg his life,
Saint *Francis* chiefest Frier,
The best in all our Couent sir,
to keepe a Vintners fire.
O strangle not the good old man,
my hostesse oldest guest,
And I will bring you by and by
vnto the Priors chest.
Phil. I, saist thou so, & if thou wilt the Frier is at liberty,
If not, as I am honest man, I hang you both for company
Fr. Come hither, this is the chest, though simple to behold,
That wanteth not a thousand pound in siluer & in gold.
My self wil warrant ful so much, I know the Abots store,
Ile pawn my life there is no less, to haue what ere is more.
Phil. I take thy word, the ouerplus vnto thy share shal come,

But if there want of full ſo much, thy necke ſhall pay the ſumme.
Breake vp the Coffer, Frier.
Frier. Oh I am vndone, faire *Alice* the Nunne
Hath tooke vp her reſt in the Abbots cheſt.
Sancte benedicite pardon my ſimplicitie.
Fie *Alice*, confeſſion will not ſalue this tranſgreſſion.
Philip. What haue we heere, a holy Nunne? ſo keepe me God in health.
A ſmooth fac'd Nunne (for ought I know) is all the Abbots wealth.
Is this the Nunries chaſtitie?
Beſtrew me but I thinke
They go as oft to venery, as niggards to their drinke.
Why paltry Frier and Pandar too, yee ſhameleſſe ſhauen crowne,
Is this the cheſt that held a hoord, at leaſt a thouſand pound?
And is the hoord a holy whore, well, be the hangman nimble,
Hee'l take the paine to pay you home, and teach you to diſſemble.
Nunne. O ſpare the Frier *Anthony*, a better neuer was,
To ſing a Dirge ſolemnly, or read a morning maſſe.
If money be the meanes of this, I know an ancient Nunne,
That hath a hoord theſe ſeuen yeares did neuer ſee the ſunne;
And that is yours, and what is ours, ſo fauour now be ſhowne,
You ſhall command as commonly, ar if it were your owne.
Frier. Your honour excepted.
Nunne. I *Thomas*, I meane ſo.
Philip. From all ſaue from Friers.

Nunne.

Nun. Good ſir, doe not thinke ſo.
Phil. I thinke and ſee ſo:
Why how camſt thou here?
Fri. To hide her from lay men.
Nun. Tis true ſir, for feare.
Phil. For feare of the laitie: a pitifull dread
When a Nunne flies for ſuccour to a fat Friers bed.
But now for your ranſome my cloyſter-bred cooney,
To the cheſt that you ſpeake of where lies ſo much money.
Nun. Faire ſir, within this preſſe, of plate and money is
The valew of a thouſand markes, and other things by gis.
Let vs alone, and take it all, tis yours ſir, now you know it.
Phil. Come on ſir Frier, picke the locke, this geere doth cotton hanſome, (ſome.
That couetouſneſſe ſo cunningly muſt pay the lechers ran-
What is in the hoord?
Fr. Frier *Laurance* my Lord, now holy water helpe vs,
Some witch or ſome diuell is ſent to delude vs:
Haud Credo Laurentius, that thou ſhouldſt be pend thus
In the preſſe of a Nun we are all vndone,
And brought to diſcredence if thou be Frier *Laurence*,
Fr. Amor vincit omnia, ſo *Cato* affirmeth,
And therefore a Frier whoſe fancy ſoone burneth,
Becauſe he is mortall and made of mould,
He omits what he ought, and doth more then he ſhould.
Philip. How goes this geere? the Friers cheſt fill'd with a fauſen Nunne.
The Nunne againe lockes Frier vp, to keepe him from the Sunne.
Belike the preſſe is Purgatory, or penance paſſing grieuous:
The Friers cheſt a hell for Nunnes! how doe theſe dolts deceiue vs?
Is this the labour of their liues, to feed and liue at eaſe?
To reuell ſo laſciuiouſly as often as they pleaſe.
Ile mend the fault or faile my aime, if I doe miſſe amending,

Tis

'Tis better burne the Cloysters downe,
then leaue them for offending.
But holy you, to you I speake,
to you religious deuill,
Is this the presse that holds the summe,
to quit you for your euill
Nun. I cry *peccaui, parce me,*
good sir I was beguil'd.
Fr. Absolue sir for charitie,
she would be reconcil'd.
Phil. And so I shall, sirs bind them fast,
This is their absolution,
go hang them vp for hurting them,
Hast them to execution.
Fr. Laurence. O tempus edax rerum,
Giue children bookes they teare them.
O vanitas vanitatis, in this waining *ætatis,*
At threescore welneere, to goe to this geere,
To my conscience a clog, to die like a dog.
Exaudi me Domine, si vis me parce
Dabo pecuniam, si habeo veniam.
To goe and fetch it, I will dispatch it,
A hundred pound sterling, for my liues sparing.

Enter Peter *a Prophet, with people.*

Pet. Hoe, who is here? St. *Francis* be your speed,
Come in my flocke, and follow me,
your fortunes I will reed.
Come hither boy, goe get thee home,
and clime not ouer hie,
For from aloft thy fortune stands, in hazard thou shalt die.
Boy. God be with you *Peter,* I pray you come to our house a Sunday.
Pet. My boy shew me thy hand, blesse thee my boy,
For in thy palme I see a many troubles are y bent to dwell,
But thou shalt scape them all, and doe full well.

Boy.

Boy, I thanke you *Peter,* there's a cheese for your labor: my sister prayes you to come home, and tell her how many husbands she shall haue, and shee'l giue you a rib of bacon.
Pet. My masters, stay at the towns end for me, Ile come to you all anone: I must dispatch some busines with a Frier, and then Ile read your fortunes.
Phil. How now, a Prophet! sir Prophet whence are ye?
Pet. I am of the world and in the world; but liue not as others, by the world: what I am I know, and what thou wilt be I know. If thou knoweſt me now, be answered: if not, enquire no more what I am.
Phil. Sir, I know you will be a dissembling Knaue, that deludes the people with blinde prophecies: you are he I looke for, you shall away with me, bring away all the rable: and you Frier *Laurence,* remember your raunsome a hundred pound, and a pardon for your selfe, and the rest; come on sir prophet, you shall with me, to receiue a prophets reward. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hubert de Burgh *with three men.*

Hub. My masters, I haue shewed you what warrant I haue for this attempt; I perceiue by your heauy countenances you had rather be otherwise employed, and for my owne part, I would the King had made choyse of some other executioner: only this is my comfort that a king commaunds, whose precepts neglected or omitted, threatneth torture for the default. Therefore in briefe leaue me, and be ready to attend the aduenture: stay within that entry, and when you heare me crie, *God saue the King,* issue suddenly forth, lay hands on *Arthur,* set him in this chaire, wherein (once fast bound) leane him with me to finish the rest.
Attendants, We goe, though loath. *Exeunt.*
Hub. My Lord, will it please your Honor to take the benefit of the faire euening?

Enter Arthur *to* Hubert de Burgh.
Arthur, Gramercie *Hubert* for thy care of me,

In or to whom restraint is newly knowne,
The ioy of walking is small benefit,
Yet will I take thy offer with small thankes,
I would not loose the pleasure of the eye.
But tell me curteous Keeper if thou can,
How long the King will haue me tarry here.
Hubert I know not Prince but as I gesse, not long,
God send you freedome, and *God saue the King*.

They issue forth.

Arthur, Why how now sirs, what may this outrage meane?
O helpe me *Hubert*, gentle Keeper helpe:
God send this sudden mutinous approach
Tend not to reaue a wretched guiltles life.
Hub. So sirs, depart, and leaue the rest for me.
Arth. Then *Arthur* yeeld, death frowneth in thy face,
What meaneth this good *Hubert* pleade the case.
Hub. Patience young Lord, and listen words of woe,
Harmefull and harsh, heis horror to be heard:
A dismall tale fit for a furies tongue.
I faint to tell, deepe sorrow is the sound.
Arth. What must I die?
Hub. No newes of death, but tidings of more hate,
A wrathfull doome, and most vnluckie fate:
Deaths dish were daintie at so fell a feast,
Be deafe, heare not, it's hell to tell the rest.
Arth. Alas, thou wrongst my youth with words of feare,
Tis hell, tis horror, not for one to heare:
What is it man if it must needes be done,
Act it and end it, that the paine were gone.
Hub. I will not chaunt such dolour with my tongue,
Yet must I act the outrage with my hand.
My heart, my head, and all my powers beside,
To aide the office haue at once denid.
Peruse this letter, lines of trebble woe,
Reade ore my charge, and pardon when you know.

Hubert

Hubert, *these are to command thee, as thou tendrest our quiet in minde, and the estate of our person, that presently vpon the receipt of our command, thou put out the eyes of* Arthur Plantaginet.

Arthur. Ah monstrous damned man: his very breath infects the elements.
Contagious venome dwelleth in his heart,
Effecting meanes to poyson all the world.
Vnreuerent may I be to blame the heauens
Of great iniustice that the miscreant
Liues to oppresse the Innocents with wrong.
Ah *Hubert*: makes hee thee his instrument,
To sound the trump that causeth hell triumph?
Heauen weepes, the Saints do shed celestiall teares,
They feare thy fall and cite thee with remorse,
They knocke thy conscience mouing pitie there,
Willing to fence thee from the rage of hell:
Hell *Hubert*, trust me all the plagues of hell
Hangs on performance of this damned deed.
This seale, the warrant of the bodies blisse,
Ensureth Satan chieftane of thy soule:
Subscribe not *Hubert*, giue not Gods part away.
I speake not only for eyes priuiledge,
The chiefe exterior that I would enioy:
But for thy perill, farre beyond my paine,
Thy sweet soules losse, more then mine eyes vaine lacke:
A case internall and externall too.
Aduise thee *Hubert*, for the case is hard,
To loose saluation for a Kings reward.
Hubert. My Lord, a subiect dwelling in the land
Is tied to execute the Kings command.
Arthur Yet God commands, whose power reacheth further,
That no command should stand in force to murther.
Hubert. But that same essence hath ordaind a law,
A death for guilt, to keepe the world in awe.
Arthur. I pleade, not guilty, treasonlesse and free.

Hubert

Hubert. But that appeale my Lord concernes not me.
Arthur. Why thou art hee that maiſt omit the perill.
Hubert. I, if my Soueraigne would omit his quarrell.
Arthur. His quarrell is vnhallowed, falſe and wrong.
Hubert. Then be the blame to whom it doth belong.
Arthur. Why thats to thee if thou as they proceede,
Conclude their iudgement with ſo vilde a deede.
Hubert. Why then no execution can be lawfull,
If iudges doomes muſt be reputed doubtfull.
Arth. Yes, where in forme of law in place and time,
The offender is conuicted of the crime.
Hubert. My Lord, my Lord, this long expoſtulation,
Heapes vp more griefe then promiſe of redreſſe;
For this I know, and ſo reſolu'd I end,
That ſubiects liues on Kings commands depend.
I muſt not reaſon why he is your foe,
But doe his charge ſince he commands it ſo.
Arthur. Then do thy charge, and charged be thy ſoule
With wrongfull perſecution done this day,
You rowling eyes, whoſe ſuperficies yet
I doe behold with eyes that nature lent:
Send forth the terror of your mouers frowne,
To wreake my wrong vpon the murtherers
That rob me of your faire reflecting view:
Let hell to them (as earth they wiſh to me)
Be darke and direfull guerdon for their guilt,
And let the blacke tormenters of deepe *Tartary*
Vpbraid them with this damned enterpriſe,
Inflicting change of tortures on their ſoules.
Delay not *Hubert*, my oriſons are ended,
Begin I pray thee, reaue me of my ſight
But to performe a tragedie indeede,
Conclude the period with a mortall ſtab.
Conſtance farewell, tormentor come away,
Make my diſpatch the Tyrants feaſting day.
Hubert. I faint, I feare my conſcience bids deſiſt:
Faint did I ſay? feare was it that I named:

My

My King commands, that warrant ſets me free:
But God forbids and he commandeth Kings,
That great Commander counterchecks my charge,
He ſtayes my hand, he maketh ſoft my heart.
Goe curſed tooles, your office is exempt,
Cheere thee young Lord, thou ſhalt not loſe an eye,
Though I ſhould purchaſe it with loſſe of life.
Ile to the King, and ſay his will is done,
And of the languor tell him thou art dead,
Goe in with me for *Hubert* was not borne
To blinde thoſe lampes that Nature poliſht ſo.
Arth. *Hubert* if euer *Arthur* be in ſtate,
Looke for ameuds of this receiued gift,
I tooke my eyeſight by thy curteſie,
Thou lentſt them me, I will not be ingrate.
But now procraſtination may offend
The iſſue that thy kindneſſe vndertakes:
Depart we *Hubert* to preuent the worſt. *Exeunt.*

Enter K. Iohn, Eſſex, Salisbury, Pembrooke.
Iohn. Now warlike followers reſteth ought vndone,
That may impeach vs of fond ouerſight?
The French haue felt the temper of our ſwords,
Cold terror keepes poſſeſſion in their ſoules,
Checking their ouerdaring arrogance
For buckling with ſo great an ouermatch,
The arch prowd titled Prieſt of *Italy*,
That calls himſelfe grand Vicar vnder God,
Is buſied now with Trentall obſequies,
Maſſe and months mind, dirge and I know not what,
To eaſe their ſoules in painfull Purgatory,
That haue miſcarried in theſe blondy warres.
Heard you not Lords when firſt his Holineſſe
Had tidings of our ſmall account of him,
How with a taunt vaunting vpon his toes,
He vrgde a reaſon why the Engliſh Aſſe
Diſdaind the bleſſed ordinance of *Rome*?

The title (reuerently might I inferre)
Became the Kings that earſt haue borne the load,
The ſlauiſh weight of that controlling Prieſt:
Who at his pleaſure tempered them like waxe
To carry armes on danger of his curſe,
Banding their ſoules with warrants of his hand.
I grieue to thinke how Kings in ages paſt
(Simply deuoted to the Sea of Rome)
Haue run into a thouſand acts of ſhame.
But now for confirmation of our State,
Sith we haue proind the more then neeedfull braunch
That did oppreſſe the true well growing ſtocke,
It reſteth we throughout our territories
Be reproclaimed and inueſted King.
Pemb. My Liege, that were to buſie men with doubts,
Once were you crown'd, proclaim'd, and with applauſe
Your Citie ſtreetes haue ecchoed to the eare,
God ſaue the King, God ſaue our Soueraigne *Iohn*.
Pardon my feare, my cenſure doth inferre,
Your Highneſſe not depos'd from Regall State,
Would breed a mutinie in peoples mindes,
What it ſhould meane to haue you crownd againe.
Iohn. Pembrooke performe what I haue bid thee doe,
Thou knowſt not what induceth me to this,
Eſſex goe in and Lordings all be gone
About this taske, I will be crownd anon.

Enter the Baſtard.

Iohn. What newes, how doe the Abbots chefts?
Are Friers fatter then the Nunnes are faire?
What cheere with Church-men had they gold or no?
Tell me how hath thy office tooke effect?
Phil. My Lord, I haue perform'd your Highnes charge,
The eaſe bred Abbots and the bare-foote Friers,
The Monks, the Priors, and holy cloyſtred Nunnes,
Are all in health, and were my Lord in wealth,
Till I had tythd and told their holy hoords.

I doubt not when your Highneſſe ſees my prize,
You may proportion all their former pride.
Iohn, Why ſo, now ſorts it *Philip* as it ſhould:
This ſmall intruſion into Abbey trunkes,
Will make the Popelings excommunicate,
Curſe, ban, and breath out damned oriſons,
As thicke as haile-ſtones for the Springs approach:
But yet as ſharmeleſſe and without effect,
As is the eccho of a Canons cracke
Diſchargde againſt the battlements of heauen.
But what newes elſe befell there *Philip*?
Baſt. Strange newes my Lord: within your territories
Neere *Pomfret* is a Prophet new ſprung vp,
Whoſe diuination volleis wonders foorth:
To him the Commons throng with Country gifts,
He ſets a date vnto the Beldames death,
Preſcribes how long the Virgins death ſhall laſt,
Diſtinguiſheth the mouing of the heauens,
Giues limits vnto holy nuptiall rites,
Foretelleth famine, aboundeth plenty forth:
Of fate, of fortune, life and death he chats,
With ſuch aſſurance, ſcruples put apart,
As if he knew the certaine doomes of heauen,
Or kept a Regiſter of all the deſtines
Ioh. Thou telſt me maruels, would thou hadſt brought the man,
We might haue queſtiond him of things to come.
Baſt. My Lord, I tooke a care of had-I-wiſt,
And brought the Prophet with me to the Court,
He ſtaies my Lord but at the Preſence doore:
Pleaſeth your Highneſſe, I will call him in.
Iohn. Nay ſtay awhile we e'l haue him here anone,
A thing of weight is firſt to be performd.

Enter the Nobles and crowne King Iohn, *and then cry*
God ſaue the King.
Iohn, Lordings and friends ſupporters of our State,

Admire not at this vncouſtom'd courſe,
Nor in your thoughts blame not this deede of yours.
Once ere this time was I inueſted King,
Your fealtie ſworne as Liegemen to our ſtate:
Once ſince that time ambitious weedes haue ſprung
To ſtaine the beauty of our garden plot:
But heauens in our conduct rooting thence
The falſe intruders, breakers of worlds peace,
Haue to our ioy, made ſunne-ſhine chaſe the ſtorme.
After the which, to try your conſtancie,
That now I ſee is worthy of your names,
We crau'd once more your helpes for to inueſt vs
Into the right that enuy ſought to wracke.
Once was I not depoſde, your former choyce;
Now twice beene crowned and applauded King?
Your cheered action to inſtall me ſo,
Infers aſſured witneſſe of your loues,
And binds me ouer in a Kingly care
To render loue with loue, rewards of worth
To ballance downe requitall to the full.
But thankes the while, thankes Lordings to you all:
Aske me and vſe me, trie me and finde me yours.

Eſſex. A boone my Lord, at vantage of your words
We aske to guerdon all our loyalties.

Pemb. We take the time your Highneſſe bids vs aske:
Pleaſe it you grant, you make your promiſe good,
With leſſer loſſe then one ſuperfluous haire
That not remembred falleth from your head.

Iohn, My word is paſt, receiue your boone my Lords,
What may it be? Aske it, and it is yours.

Eſſex. We craue my Lord to pleaſe the commons with
The libertie of Lady *Conſtance* ſonne:
Whoſe durance darkeneth your Highneſſe right,
As if you kept him priſoner, to the end
Your ſelfe were doubtfull of the thing you haue.
Dimiſſe him thence, your Highneſſe needes not feare,
Twice by conſent you are proclaim'd our King.

Pembrooke

Pemb. This if you grant, were all vnto your good:
For ſimple people muſe you keepe him cloſe.

Ioh. Your words haue ſearcht the center of my thoghts.
Confirming warrant of your loyalties,
Diſmiſſe your counſell, ſway my ſtate,
Let *Iohn* doe nothing, but by your conſents.
Why how now *Philip*, what extaſie is this?
Why caſts thou vp thy eyes to heauen ſo?

There fiue Moones appeare.

Baſt. See, ſee my Lord, ſtrange apparitions,
Glancing mine eye to ſee the Diadem
Plac'd by the Biſhops on your Highneſſe head,
From forth a gloomy cloud, which curtaine-like
Diſplaid it ſelfe, I ſuddenly eſpied
Fiue Moones reflecting, as you ſee them now:
Euen in the moment that the Crowne was plac'd
Gan they appeare, holding the courſe you ſee.

Ioh. What might portend theſe apparitions,
Vnuſuall ſignes, forerunners of euent,
Preſagers of ſtrange terrors to the world:
Belieue me Lords, the obiect feares me much.
Philip, thou toldſt me of a Wizard but of late,
Fetch in the man to deſcant of this ſhow.

Pemb. The heauens frowne vpon the ſinfull earth,
When with prodigious vnaccuſtom'd ſignes
They ſpot their ſuperficies with ſuch wonder.

Eſſex, Before the ruines of Ieruſalem,
Such meteors were the Enſignes of his wrath,
That haſt'ned to deſtroy the faultfull towne.

Enter the Baſtard with the Prophet.

Ioh. Is this the man?

Baſt. It is my Lord.

Iohn. Prophet of Pomfret, for ſo I heare thou art,

That calculat'st of many things to come:
Who by a power repleat with heauenly gift,
Canst blab the counsell of thy Makers will.
If fame be true, or truth be wrong'd by thee,
Decide in cyphering, what these fiue Moones
Portend this clime, if they presage at all.
Breath out thy gift, and if I liue to see
Thy diuination take a true effect,
Ile honour thee aboue all earthly men.

Pet. The skye wherein these Moones haue residence,
Presenteth Rome the great *Metropolis*,
Where sits the Pope in all his holy pompe.
Foure of the moones present foure prouinces,
To wit, Spaine, Denmarke, Germanie, and France,
That beare the yoke of proud commanding Rome,
And stand in feare to tempt the Prelates curse.
The smallest moone that whirles about the rest,
Impatient of the place he holds with them,
Doth figure forth this Island Albion,
Who gins to scorne the sea and seat of Rome,
And seekes to shun the Edicts of the Pope:
This showes the heauen, and this I doe auerre
Is figured in the apparitions.

Ioh. Why then it seemes the heauens smile on vs,
Giuing applause for leauing of the Pope.
But for they chance in our Meridian,
Doe they effect no priuate growing ill
To be inflicted on vs in this clime?

Pet. The moones effect no more than what I said:
But on some other knowledge that I haue
By my prescience, ere Ascension day
Haue brought the Sunne vnto his vsuall height,
Of Crowne, Estate, and Royall dignity,
Thou shalt be cleane dispoyl'd and dispossest.

Ioh. False dreamer, perish with thy witched newes,
Villaine thou woundst me with thy fallacies:
If it be true, die for thy tidings price;

If false, for fearing me with vaine suppose:
Hence with the Witch, hels damned secretarie.
Locke him vp sure, for by my faith I sweare,
True or not true, the Wizard shall not liue.
Before ascension day: who should be cause heereof?
Cut off the cause, and then the effect will die.
Tut, tut, my mercy serues to maime my selfe,
The roote doth liue from whence these thornes spring vp,
I and my promise past for his deliuerie:
Frowne friends, faile faith, the diuell doe withall,
The brat shall dye that terrifies me thus.
Pembrooke and *Essex*, I recall my graunt,
I will not buy your fauours with my feare:
Nay murmur not, my will is law enough,
I loue you well, but if I lou'd you better,
I would not buy it with my discontent.

Enter Hubert.

How now what newes with thee?

Hub. According to your highnesse strict command,
Young *Arthurs* eyes are blinded and extinct.

Ioh. Why so, then he may feele the crowne but neuer see it.

Hub. Nor see nor feele, for of the extreame paine,
Within one houre gaue he vp the ghost.

Ioh. What, is he dead?

Hub. He is my Lord.

Ioh. Then with him dies my cares.

Essex. Now ioy betide thy soule.

Pemb. And heauens reuenge thy death.

Essex. VVhat haue you done my Lord? Was euer heard
A deed of more inhumane consequence?
Your foes will curse, your friends will cry reuenge.
Vnkindly rage more rough then Northern wind,
To clip the beauty of so sweet a flower.
VVhat hope in vs for mercy on a fault,
VVhen Kinsman dyes without impeach of cause,
As you haue done so come to cheere you with,
The guilt shall neuer be cast in my teeth, *Exeunt.*

Ioh. And are you gone? The diuell be your guide:
Proud rebels as ye are to braue me ſo:
Saucie, vnciuill checkers of my will.
Your tongues giue edge vnto the fatall knife,
That ſhall haue paſſage through your trait'rous throats.
But huſht, breath not bugs words too ſoone abroad,
Leaſt time preuent the iſſue of my reach.
Arthur is dead, I, there the corziue growes:
But while he liu'd, the danger was the more;
His death hath freed me from a thouſand feares,
But it hath purchaſt me ten times ten thouſand foes.
Why all is one, ſuch lucke ſhall haunt his game,
To whom the diuell owes an open ſhame:
His life a foe that leueld at my crowne,
His death a frame to pull my building downe.
My thoughts harpt ſtill on quiet by his end,
Who liuing aymed ſhrewdly at my roome:
But to preuent that plea, twice was I crown'd,
Twice did my ſubiects ſweare me fealty,
And in my conſcience lou'd me as their liege,
In whoſe defence they would haue pawnd their liues.
But now they ſhun me as a Serpents ſting,
A tragycke tyrant, ſterne and pittileſſe,
And not a title followes after *Iohn*,
But butcher, bloodſucker, and murtherer.
What Planet gouern'd my Nativity,
To bode me Soueraigne types of high eſtate,
So interlac'd with helliſh diſcontent,
Wherein fell fury hath no intereſt.
Curſt be the crowne, chiefe author of my care,
Nay curſt my will, that made the crowne my care:
Curſt be my birthday, curſt tentimes the wombe
That yeelded me aliue into the world.
Art thou there villaine: furies havnt thee ſtill,
For killing him whom all the world laments.
Hub. Why heer's my Lord your Highnes hand & ſeale,
Char-

Charging on liues regard to doe the deed.
Iohn. Ah dull conceipted Peſant knowſt thou not
It was a damned execrable deed:
Shewſt me a Seale? Oh villaine, both our ſoules
Haue ſold their freedome to the thrall of hell,
Vnder the warrant of that curſed Seale.
Hence villaine, hang thy ſelfe, and ſay in hell
That I am comming for a Kingdome there.
Hubert. My Lord, attend the happy tale I tell,
For heauens health ſend Sathan packing hence
That inſtigates your highneſſe to deſpaire.
If *Arthurs* death be diſmall to be heard,
Bandie the newes for rumors of vntruth:
He liues my Lord, the ſweeteſt youth aliue,
In health, with eyeſight, not a hayre amiſſe.
This heart tooke uigor from this forward hand,
Making it weake to execute your charge.
Iohn. What, liues hee! then ſweete hope come home a-
Chaſe hence deſpaire, the purueyor for hell. (gen,
Hye *Hubert*, tell theſe tidings to my Lords
That throb in paſſions for young *Arthurs* death:
Hence *Hubert*, ſtay not till thou haſt reueald
The wiſhed newes of *Arthurs* happy health.
I goe my ſelfe, the ioyfulſt man aliue
To ſtorie out this new ſuppoſed crime, *Exeunt.*

The end of the firſt Part.

THE
Second Part of the
troubleſome Raigne of
King IOHN.

Containing,

The entrance of Lewis *the French*
Kings ſonne: with the poyſoning of
King IOHN by
a Monke.

Written by W. SHAKESPEARE.

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To the Gentlemen Readers.

THe changeleſſe purpoſe of determinde Fate.
Giues period to our care, or hearts content,
When heau'ns fixt time for this or that hath end:
Nor can earths pomp, or pollicie preuent
The doome ordained in their ſecret will.
Gentiles, we left King Iohn *repleat with bliſſe,*
That Arthur *liude, whom he ſuppoſed ſlaine;*
And Hubert *poaſting to returne thoſe Lords,*
Who deem'd him dead, and parted diſcontent:
Arthur *himſelfe begins our later Act,*
Our Act of outrage, deſpaire, fury, death;
Wherein fond raſhneſſe murdreth firſt a Prince,
And Monkiſh falſeneſſe poyſneth laſt a King:
Firſt Scene ſhewes Arthurs *death in infancie,*
And laſt concludes Iohns *fatall Tragedie.*

The ſecond part of the troublesome Raigne of King Iohn.

Containing

The entrance of Lewis *the French Kings ſonne: With the poyſoning of King* Iohn *by a Monke.*

Enter young Arthur *on the walls.*

NOw helpe good hap to further mine intent,
Croſſe not my youth with any more extreames:
I venture life to gaine my liberty,
And if I die, worlds troubles haue an end.
Feare gins diſſwade the ſtrength of my reſolue,
My hold will faile, and then alas I fall,
And if I fall no queſtion death is next:
Better deſiſt, and liue in priſon ſtill.
Priſon ſaid I? nay, rather death then ſo:
Comfort and courage come againe to me,
Ile venter ſure: tis but a leape for life.

He leapes, and bruſing his bones, after he was from his traunce, ſpeakes thus;

Hoe, who is nigh? ſome body take me vp.
Where is my mother? let me ſpeake with her.
Who hurts me thus? ſpeake hoe, where are you gone?
Ah me poore *Arthur*, I am here alone.
Why call'd I mother, how did I forget?
My fall, my fall, hath kil'd my mothers ſonne.
How will ſhe weepe at tidings of my death?
My death indeed, O God, my bones are burſt.

Sweet *Ieſu* ſaue my ſoule, forgiue my raſh attempt,
Comfort my mother, ſhield her from deſpaire,
When ſhe ſhall heare my tragycke ouerthrow.
My heart controls the office of my tongue,
My vitall powers forſake my bruſed truncke,
I die, I die, heauen take my fleeting ſoule,
And Lady mother all good hap to thee. *He dies.*

Enter Pembrooke, Salisburie, Eſſex.

Eſſex. My Lords of *Pembrooke* and of *Salisbury*,
We muſt be carefull in our policy,
To vndermine the keepers of this place,
Elſe ſhall we neuer finde the Princes graue.
Pemb. My Lord of *Eſſex*, take no care for that,
I warrant you it was not cloſely done.
But who is this? loe Lords the withered flowre,
Who in his life ſhin'd like the mornings bluſh;
Caſt out a doore, deni'd his buriall right,
A prey for birds and beaſts to gorge vpon.
Salisb. O ruthfull ſpectacle! O damned deed!
My ſinewes ſhake, my very heart doth bleed.
Eſſex. Leaue childiſh teares braue Lords of England,
If water-floods could fetch his life againe,
My eyes ſhould conduit forth a ſea of teares.
If ſobs would helpe, or ſorrowes ſerue the turne,
My heart ſhould volley out deepe piercing plaints.
But bootleſſe were't to breath as many ſighes
As might eccliſſe the brighteſt Sommers Sunne,
Here reſts the helpe, a ſeruice to his Ghoſt.
Let not the tyrant cauſer of this dole,
Liue to triumph in ruthfull maſſacres,
Giue hand and heart, and Engliſhmen to armes,
Tis Gods decree to wreake vs of theſe harmes.
Pemb. The beſt aduiſe: but who comes poſting here?

Enter

Enter Hubert.

Right noble Lords, I ſpeake vnto you all,
The King entreats your ſooneſt ſpeed
To viſit him, who on your preſent want,
Did ban and curſe his birth, himſelfe and me,
For executing of his ſtrict command.
I ſaw his paſſion, and at fitteſt time,
Aſſur'd him of his couſins being ſafe,
Whom pitty would not let me doe to death:
He craues your company my Lord in haſt,
To whom I will conduct young *Arthur* ſtraight,
Who is in health vnder my cuſtody.
Eſſex. In health baſe villaine, were't not I leaue the (crime
To Gods reuenge, to whom reuenge belongs,
Here ſhould'ſt thou periſh on my rapiers point.
Call'ſt thou this health? ſuch health betide thy friends,
And all that are of thy condition.
Hub. My Lords, but heare me ſpeake, and kill me then,
If here I left not this young Prince aliue,
Maugre the haſty Edict of the King,
Who gaue me charge to put out both his eyes,
That God that gaue me liuing to this houre,
Thunder reuenge vpon me in this place:
And as I tendred him with earneſt loue,
So God loue me, and then I ſhall be well.
Sal. Hence traitor hence, thy counſell is herein. *Exit. Hub.*
Some in this place appointed by the King,
Haue throwne him from this lodging here aboue,
And ſure the murther hath beene newly done,
For yet the body is not fully cold.
Eſſex. How ſay you Lords ſhall we with ſpeed diſpatch
Vnder our hands a packet into France,
To bid the Dolpin enter with his force,
To claime the kingdome for his proper right,
His title maketh lawfull ſtrength thereto.
Beſides, the Pope, on perill of his curſe,

Hath bard vs of obedience vnto *Iohn*,
This hatefull murder, *Lewis* his true deſcent,
The holy charge that we receiu'd from Rome,
Are weightie reaſons, if you like my reed,
To make vs all perſeuer in this deed.
Pemb. My Lord of *Eſſex*, well haue you aduis'd,
I will accord to further you in this.
Salis. And *Salisbury* will not gainesay the ſame:
But aide that courſe as farre forth as he can.
Eſſex. Then each of vs ſend ſtraight to his allies,
To win them to this famous enterpriſe:
And let vs all y clad in Palmers weed,
The tenth of Aprill at S. *Edmunds Bury*
Meet to conferre, and on the altar there
Sweare ſecrecy and aid to this aduiſe.
Meane while, let vs conuey this body hence,
And giue him buriall, as befits his ſtate,
Keeping his moneths mind, and his obſequis
With ſolemne interceſſion for his ſoule.
How ſay you Lordings, are you all agreed?
Pemb. The tenth of Aprill at S. *Edmunds Burie.*
God letting not, I will not faile the time.
Eſſex. Then let vs all conuey the body hence. *Exeunt.*

Enter K. Iohn, with two or three, And the Prophet.

Ioh. Diſturbed thoughts, foredoomers of mine ill,
Diſtracted paſſions, ſignes of growing harmes,
Strange prophecies of imminent miſhaps,
Confound my wits, and dull my ſenſes ſo,
That euery obiect theſe mine eyes behold,
Seeme inſtruments to bring me to my end.
Aſcenſion day is come, *Iohn* feare not then
The prodigies that prattling Prophet threats.
Tis come indeed: ah were it fully paſt,
Then were I careleſſe of a thouſand feares.

The Diall tels me, it is twelue at noone.
Were twelue at midnight paſt, then might I vaunt,
Falſe ſeers propheſies of no import.
Could I as well with this right hand of mine
Remoue the Sunne from our Meridian,
Vnto the mooneſted circle of th'antipodes,
As turne this ſteele from twelue to twelue agen,
Then *Iohn*, the date of fatall Propheſies,
Should with the Prophets life together end.
But *multa cadunt inter calicem ſupremaque labra.*
Peter, vnſay thy fooliſh doting dreame,
And by the crowne of England heere I ſweare,
To make thee great, and greateſt of thy kin.
Peter. King *Iohn*, although the time I haue preſcrib'd
Be but twelue houres remaining yet behind,
Yet doe I know by inſpiration,
Ere that fixt time be fully come about,
King *Iohn* ſhall not be King as heeretofore.
Iohn. Vaine buzzard, what miſchance can chance ſo
To ſet a King beſide his regall ſeat?
My heart is good, my body paſſing ſtrong,
My Land in peace, my enemies ſubdu'd,
Onely my Barons ſtorme at *Arthurs* death,
But *Arthur* liues, I, there the challenge growes,
Were he diſpatchd vnto his longeſt home,
Then were the King ſecure of thouſand foes.
Hubert what newes with thee, where are my Lords?
Hub. Hard newes my Lord, *Arthur* the louely Prince,
Seeking to eſcape ouer the Caſtle walles,
Fell headlong downe, and in the curſed fall
He brake his bones, and there before the gate
Your barons found him dead and breathleſſe quite.
Ioh. Is *Arthur* dead? then *Hubert* without more words
hang the Prophet.
Away with *Peter*, villaine out of my ſight,
I am deafe, be gone, let him not ſpeake a word.

Now *Iohn*, thy feares are vaniſht into ſmoake,
Arthur is dead, thou guiltleſſe of his death.
Sweet youth, but that I ſtriued for a crowne,
I could haue well afforded to thine age,
Long life and happineſſe to thy content.

Enter the Baſtard.

Ioh. Philip, what newes with thee?
Baſt. The newes I heard was *Peters* prayers,
Who wiſht like fortune to befall vs all:
And with that word the rope his lateſt friend,
Kept him from falling headlong to the ground.
Ioh. There let him hang, and be the Rauens food,
While *Iohn* triumphs in ſpite of Propheſies.
But whats the tydings from the Popelings now?
What ſay the Monkes and Prieſts to our proceedings?
Or wheres the Barons that ſo ſodainly
Did leaue the King vpon a ſal ſe ſurmiſe?
Baſt. The Prelates ſtorme, & thirſt for ſharpe reuenge:
But pleaſe your Maieſty, were that the worſt
It little skild: a greater danger growes,
Which muſt be weeded out with carefull ſpeed,
Or all is loſt, for all is leuel'd at.
Ioh. More frights and feares: what ere thy tidings bee,
I am prepar'd, then *Philip*, quickly ſay;
Meane they to murther or impriſon me,
To giue my Crowne away to Rome or France:
Or will they each of them become a King?
Worſe than I thinke it is, it cannot be.
Baſt. Not worſe my Lord, but euery whit as bad.
The Nobles haue elected *Lewis* King,
In right of Lady *Blanch*, your neece, his wife:
His landing is expected euery houre,
The Nobles, Commons, Clergie, all Eſtates,
Incited chiefly by the Cardinall,

Pan-

Pandulph that lies here Legate for the Pope,
Thinke long to ſee their new elected King.
And for vndoubted proofe, ſee heere my Liege,
Letters to me from your Nobility,
To be a partie in this action:
Who vnder ſhew of fained holineſſe,
Appoint their meeting at S. *Edmunds-Bury*,
There to conſult, conſpire, and conclude
The ouerthrow and downefall of your State.
Ioh. Why ſo it muſt be, one houre of content,
Match'd with a moneth of paſſionate effects,
Why ſhines the Sunne to fauour this conſort?
Why doe the windes not breake their brazen gates,
And ſcatter all theſe periur'd complices,
With all their counſels and their damned drifts?
But ſee the welkin rolleth gently on,
There's not a lowring clowd doth frowne on them;
The heauen, the earth, the ſunne, the moone, and all,
Conſpire with thoſe confederates my decay.
Then hell for me, if any power be there,
Forſake that place, and guide me ſtep by ſtep,
To poyſon, ſtrangle, murther in their ſteps
Theſe traytors: oh that name is too good for them,
And death is eaſie: is there nothing worſe,
To wreake me on this prowd peace-breaking crew?
What ſayſt thou *Philip*? why aſsiſts thou not?
Baſt. Theſe curſes (good my Lord) fit not the ſeaſon:
Help muſt deſcend from heauen againſt this treaſon?
Ioh. Nay, thou wilt proue a traytor with the reſt,
Goe get thee to them, ſhame come to you all.
Baſt. I would be loth to leaue you Highneſſe thus,
Yet you command, and I, though grieu'd, will goe.
Ioh. Ah *Philip*, whither go'ſt thou? come againe.
Baſt. My Lord, theſe motions are as paſſions of a mad
Ioh. A mad man *Philip*, I am mad indeed, (man.
My heart is maz'd, my ſenſes all foredone,

And

And *Iohn* of England now is quite vndone.
Was euer King as I oppreſt with cares?
Dame *Elinor* my noble mother Queene,
My onely hope and comfort in diſtreſſe,
Is dead, and England Excommunicate,
And I am interdicted by the Pope,
All Churches curſt, their dores are ſealed vp,
And for the pleaſure of the Romiſh Prieſt,
The ſeruice of the Higheſt is neglected,
The multitude (a beaſt of many heads)
Doe wiſh confuſion to their ſoueraigne;
The Nobles blinded with abitions fumes,
Aſſemble powers to beate mine Empire downe,
And more than this, elect a forreine King.
O England, wert thou euer miſerable,
King *Iohn* of England ſees thee miſerable:
Iohn, tis thy ſinnes that makes it miſerable,
Quicquid delirunt Reges plectuntur Achiui.
Philip, as thou haſt euer lou'd thy King,
So ſhow it now: poſt to S. *Edmunds-Bury*,
Diſſemble with the Nobles, know their drifts,
Confound their diuiliſh plots and damn'd deuiſes.
Though Iohn be faultie, yet let ſubiects beare,
He will amend and right the peoples wrongs.
A mother though ſhe were vnnaturall,
Is better then the kindeſt ſtep-dame is:
Let neuer Engliſhman truſt forreine rule.
Then *Philip* ſhew thy fealty to the King,
And mongs the Nobles plead thou for the King.

Baſt. I goe my Lord: ſee how he is diſtraught,
This is the curſed Prieſt of Italy
Hath heap'd theſe miſchiefes on this hapleſſe Land.
Now *Philip*, hadſt thou *Tullies* eloquence,
Then mightſt thou hope to plead with good ſucceſſe.

Ioh. And art thou gone? ſucceſſe may follow thee:
Thus haſt thou ſhew'd thy kindneſſe to the King.
Sirra,

Sirra, in haſt goe greet the Cardinall,
Pandulph I meane, the Legat from the Pope.
Say that the King deſires to ſpeake with him.
Now *Iohn* bethinke thee how thou maiſt reſolue:
And if thou wilt continue Englands King,
Then caſt about to keepe thy Diademe;
For life and land, and all is leuel'd at.
The Pope of Rome, tis he that is the cauſe,
He curſeth thee, he ſets thy ſubiects free
From due obedience to their Soueraigne:
He animates the Nobles in their warres,
He giues away the Crown to *Philips* ſonne,
And pardons all that ſeeke to murther thee:
And thus blind zeale is ſtill predominant.
Then *Iohn* there is no way to keepe thy Crowne,
But finely to diſſemble with the Pope:
That hand that gaue the wound muſt giue the ſalue,
To cure the hurt, elſe quite incurable.
Thy ſinnes are farre too great to be the man
Tabolish Pope, and Popery from thy Realme:
But in thy ſeate, if I may gueſſe at all.
A King ſhall raigne, that ſhall ſuppreſſe them all.
Peace *Iohn*, here comes the Legate of the Pope,
Diſſemble thou, and whatſoere thou ſai'ſt,
Yet with thy heart wiſh their confuſion.

Enter Pandulph.

Pan. Now *Iohn*, vnworthy man to breath on earth,
That do'ſt oppugne againſt thy mother Church:
Why am I ſent for to thy curſed ſelfe?

Ioh. Thou man of God, Vicegerent for the Pope,
The holy Vicar of *S. Peters* Church,
Vpon my knees, I pardon craue of thee,
And doe ſubmit me to the ſea of Rome,
And vow for penance of my high offence,

To take on me the holy Crosse of Christ,
And carry Armes in holy Christian warres.
Pand. No *Iohn*, thy crowching and dissembling thus
Cannot deceiue the Legate of the Pope,
Say what thou wilt, I will not credite thee:
Thy Crowne and Kingdome both are tane away,
And thou art curst without redemption.
Ioh. Accurst indeed to kneele to such a drudge,
And get no helpe with my submission,
Vnsheath thy sword and slay the misprowd Priest
That thus triumphs ore thee a mightie King:
No *Iohn*, submit againe, dissemble yet,
For Priests and Women must be flattered.
Yet holy Father thou thy selfe dost know,
No time too late for sinners to repent,
Absolue me then, and *Iohn* doth sweare to doe
The vttermost what euer thou demandst.
Pand. Iohn, now I see thy hearty penitence,
I rue and pitty thy distrest estate,
One way is left to reconcile thy selfe,
And onely one which I shall shew to thee.
Thou must surrender to the sea of Rome
Thy Crowne and Diadem, then shall the Pope
Defend thee from th'inuasion of thy foes.
And where his Holinesse hath kindled France,
And set thy subiects hearts at warre with thee,
Then shall he curse thy foes, and beate them downe,
That seeke the discontentment of the King.
Ioh. From bad to worse, or I must loose my Realme,
Or giue my Crowne for penance vnto *Rome*:
A misery more piercing then the darts
That breake from burning exhaltations power.
What, shall I giue my Crowne with this right hand?
No: with this hand defend thy Crowne and thee.
What newes with thee?

Enter

Enter Messenger.

Please it your Maiestie, there is descried on the coast of Kent an hundred Sayle of Shippes, which of all men is thought to be the French fleet, vnder the conduct of the Dolphin, so that it puts the country in a mutiny, so they send to your Grace for succour.
K. Ioh. How now Lord Cardinall, what's your best aduise?
These mutinies must be allaid in time,
By policy or headstrong rage at least.
O *Iohn*, these troubles tyre thy wearied soule,
And like to *Luna* in a sad Eclipse,
So are thy thoughts and passions for this newes.
Well may it be, when Kings are grieued so,
The vulgar sort worke Princes ouerthrow.
Card. K. *Iohn*, for not effecting of thy plighted vow,
This strange annoyance happens to thy Land:
But yet be reconcil'd vnto the Church,
And nothing shall be grieuous to thy state.
Ioh. Oh *Pandulph*, be it as thou hast decreed,
Iohn will not spurne against thy sound aduise,
Come lets away, and with thy helpe I trow,
My Realme shall flourish, and my Crowne in peace.

Enter the nobles, Pembrooke, Essex, Chester, Bewchampe, Clare, *with others.*

Pemb. Now sweet *S. Edmund*, holy Saint in heauen,
Whose Shrine is sacred, high esteem'd on earth,
Infuse a constant zeale in all our hearts,
To prosecute this act of mickle weight,
Lord *Bewchampe* say, what friends haue you procur'd?
Bewch. The L. *Fitz-Water*, L. *Percy*, and L. *Rosse*,
Vow'd meeting here this day the leuenth houre.
Essex. Vnder the cloke of holy pilgrimage,

By that ſame houre on warrant of their faith,
Philip Plantaginet, a bird of ſwifteſt wing,
Lord *Euſtauce*, *Veſcy*, Lord *Creſſy*, and Lord *Mowbery*,
Appointed meeting at S. *Edmunds* ſhrine.
Pemb. Vntill their preſence, Ile cõceale my tale,
Sweete complices in holy Chriſtian acts,
That venture for the purchaſe of renowne,
Thrice welcome to the league of high reſolue,
That pawne their bodies for their ſoules regard.
Eſſex, Now wanteth but the reſt to end this worke,
In Pilgrimes habite comes our holy troupe
A furlong hence, with ſwift vnwoonted pace,
May be they are the perſons you expect.
Pemb. With ſwift vnwoonted gate, ſee what a thing is (zeale,
That ſpurs them on with feruence to this ſhrine,
Now ioy come to them for their true intent:
And in good time, here come the war-men all,
That ſweate in body by the minds diſeaſe:
Hap and hearts-eaſe braue Lordings be your lot.

Enter the Baſtard Philip, &c.

Amen my Lords, the like betide your lucke,
And all that trauell in a Chriſtian cauſe.
Eſſex, Cheerely repli'd braue branch of Kingly ſtocke,
A right *Plentaginet* ſhould reaſon ſo.
But ſilence Lords, attend your commings cauſe:
The ſeruile yoke that pained vs with toyle,
On ſtrong inſtinct hath fram'd this conuenticle,
To eaſe our neckes of ſeruitudes contempt.
Should I not name the foeman of our reſt,
Which of you all ſo barren in conceite,
As cannot leuell at the man I meane?
But leſt Enigm's ſhadow ſhining truth,
Plainely to paint, as truth requires no art.
Th'effect of this reſort importeth this,
To roote and cleane extirpate tyrant *Iohn*,
Tyrant I ſay, appealing to the man,

If any here that loues him, and I aske,
What kindſhip, lenitie, or chriſtian raigne,
Rules in the man to barre this foule impeach?
Firſt I inferre the *Cheſters* baniſhment:
For reprehending in moſt vnchriſtian crimes,
Was ſpeciall notice of a tyrants will.
But were this all, the diuell ſhould be ſau'd,
But this the leaſt of many thouſand faults,
That circumſtance with leyſure might diſplay.
Our priuate wrongs no parcell of my tale
Which now in preſence, but for ſome great cauſe
Might wiſh to him as to a mortall foe.
But ſhall I cloſe the period with an act
Abhorring in the eares of Chriſtian men:
His couſins death, that ſweet vnguilty childe,
Vntimely butcherd by the tyrants meanes,
Heere are my proofes as cleere as grauell brooke,
And on the ſame I further muſt inferre,
That who vpholds a tyrant in his courſe,
Is culpable of all his damned guilt.
To ſhew the which is yet to be deſcrib'd.
My Lord of *Pembrooke*, ſhew what is behinde,
Onely I ſay, that were there nothing elſe
To moue vs, but the Popes moſt dreadfull curſe,
Whereof we are aſſured, if wee faile,
It were enough to inſtigate vs all,
With earneſtneſſe of ſpirit, to ſeeke a meane
To diſpoſſeſſe *Iohn* of his regiment.
Pemb. Well hath my Lord of Eſſex told his tale,
Which I auerre for moſt ſubſtantiall truth,
And more to make the matter to our minde,
I ſay that *Lewis* in challenge of his wife,
Hath title of an vncontrouled plea,
To all that longeth to our Engliſh crowne.
Short tale to make, the Sea Apoſtolike,
Hath offred diſpenſation for the fault.

If any be, as truſt me none I know,
By planting *Lewis* in the Vſurpers roome:
That is the cauſe of all our preſence here,
This on the holy Altar we proteſt,
To aide the right of *Lewis* with goods and life,
Who on our knowledge is in armes for England.
What ſay you Lords?

Sal. As *Pembrooke* ſaith, affirmeth *Salisbury*:
Faire *Lewis* of France that ſpouſed Lady *Blanch*,
Hath title of an vncontrouled ſtrength
To England, and what longeth to the Crowne:
In right whereof, as we are true inform'd,
The Prince is marching hitherward in armes.
Our purpoſe, to conclude that with a word,
Is to inueſt him as we may deuiſe,
King of our countrey, in the tyrants ſtead:
And ſo the warrant on the Altar ſworne,
And ſo the intent for which we hither came.

Baſt. My Lord of *Salisbury*, I cannot couch
My ſpeeches with the needfull words of art,
As doth beſeeme in ſuch a waighty worke,
But what my conſcience and my duty will,
I purpoſe to impart:
For *Cheſters* exile, blame his buſie wit,
That medled where his duty quite forbade:
For any priuate cauſes that you haue,
Me thinkes they ſhould not mount to ſuch a height,
As to depoſe a King in their reuenge.
For *Arthurs* death, *K. John* was innocent;
He deſperate was the deathſman to himſelfe,
Which you, to make a colour to your crime,
Vniuſtly doe impute to his default;
But where ſel Traitoriſme hath reſidence,
There wants no words to ſet deſpight on worke.
I ſay tis ſhame, and worthy all reproofe,
To wreſt ſuch petty wrongs in tearmes of right,

Againſt

Againſt a King annointed by the Lord.
Why *Salsburie* admit the wrongs are true,
Yet ſubiects may not take in hand reuenge,
And rob the heauens of their proper power,
Where ſitteth hee to whom reuenge belongs.
And doth a Pope, a Prieſt, a man of pride,
Giue charters for the liues of lawfull Kings,
What can he bleſſe, or who regards his curſe,
But ſuch as giue to man, and take from God?
I ſpeake it in the ſight of God aboue,
Theres not a man that dyes in your beleefe,
But ſels his ſoule perpetually to paine.
Aid *Lewis*, leaue God, kill *John*, pleaſe hell,
Make hauock of the welfare of your ſoules,
For heere I leaue you in the ſight of heauen,
A troope of traytors food for helliſh fiends;
If you deſiſt, then follow me as friends,
If not then doe your worſt as hatefull traytors.
For *Lewis* his right, alas tis too too lame,
A ſenſleſſe claime, if truth bee titles friend.
In briefe if this be cauſe of our reſort,
Our pilgrimage is to the Diuels ſhrine.
I came not Lords to troupe as traytors doe,
Nor will I counſell in ſo bad a cauſe:
Pleaſe you returne, we goe againe as friends,
If not, I to my King, & you where traitors pleaſe. *Exit.*

Percie. A hot young man, and ſo my Lords proceed,
I let him goe, and better loſt than found.

Pemb. What ſay you Lords, will all the reſt proceed,
Will you all with me ſweare vpon the Alter,
That you'l to death, bee aid to *Lewis* and enemy to *John*?
Euery man lay his hand by mine, in witnes of his harts accord.
Well then, euery man to armes to meet the King,
Who is already before London.

Enter Meſſenger.

Pemb. What newes Herauld?

the

The right Christian Prince my master, *Lewis* of France, is at hand, comming to visit your Honours, directed hither by the right honourable *Richard* Earle of Bigot, to conferre with your honours.

Pemb. How neere is his Highnesse?

Mes. Ready to enter your presence.

Enter Lewis, Earle Bigot, with his troupe.

Lew. Faire Lords of England, *Lewis* salutes you all
As friends, and firme welwillers of his weale,
At whose request from plenty-flowing France,
Crossing the Ocean with a Southerne gale,
He is in person come at your commands,
To vndertake and gratifie withall,
The fulnesse of your fauours proffered him.
But worlds braue men omitting promises,
Till time be minister of more amends,
I must acquaint you with our fortunes course.
The heauens dewing fauours on my head,
Haue in their conduct safe with victory,
Brought me along your well manured bounds,
With small repulse, and little crosse of chance.
Your City Rochester with great applause,
By some diuine instinct laid armes aside:
And from the hollow holes of Thamesis,
Eccho apace repli'd, *Viue la Roy*,
From thence along the wanton rowling glade
To Troynouant, your faire *Metropolis*,
With lucke came *Lewis* to shew his troopes of France,
Wauing our Ensignes with the dallying winds,
The fearefull obiect of fell frowning warre;
Where after some assault, and small defence,
Heauens may I say, and not my warlike troupe,
Tempred their hearts to take a friendly foe
Within the compasse of their highbuilt wals,
Giuing me title, as it seemd they wish,

Thus fortune (Lords) acts to your forwardnesse,
Meanes of content, in lieu of former griefe:
And may I liue but to requite you all,
Worlds wish were mine in dying noted yours.

Salis. Welcome the balme that closeth vp our wounds,
The soueraigne medcine for our quick recure,
The anchor of our hope, the only prop,
Whereon depends our liues, our lands, our weale,
Without the which, as sheepe without their heard,
(Except a shepheard wincking at the wolfe)
We stray, we pine, we run to thousand harmes.
No maruell then, though with vnwonted ioy,
We welcome him that beateth woes away.

Lew. Thankes to you all of this religious League,
A holy knot of Catholicke consent.
I cannot name you Lordings, man by man,
But like a stranger vnacquainted yet,
In generall I promise faithfull loue:
Lord *Bigot* brought me to S. *Edmunds* shrine,
Giuing me warrant of a Christian oath,
That this assembly came deuoted heere,
To sweare according as your packets show'd,
Homage and loyall seruice to our selfe,
I need not doubt the suretie of your wills,
Since well I know for many of your sakes,
The Townes haue yeelded on their owne accords:
Yet for a fashion, not for misbeliefe,
My eyes must witnesse, and these eares must heare
Your oath vpon the holy Altar sworne,
And after march to end our commings cause.

Salis. That we intend no other then good truth,
All that are present of the holy league,
For confirmation of our better trust,
In presence of his Highnesse, sweare with me,
The sequel that my selfe shall vtter heere.

I *Thomas Plantaginet*, Earle of Salisbury, ſweare vpon the Altar, and by the holy army of Saints, homage and allegeance to the right Chriſtian Prince *Lewis* of France, as true and rightfull King to England, Cornewall, and Wales, and to their territories: in the defence whereof, I vpon the holy Altar ſweare all forwardneſſe. *All the Eng. Lo. ſweare.*

As the noble Earle hath ſworne, ſo ſweare we all,

Lewis. I reſt aſſured on your holy oath,
And on this Altar in like ſort I ſweare
Loue to you all and Princely recompence
To guerdon your good wills vnto the full.
And ſince I am at this religious ſhrine,
My good welwillers giue vs leaue awhile,
To vſe ſome Orizons our ſelues apart,
To all the holy company of Heauen,
That they will ſmile vpon our purpoſes,
And bring them to a fortunate euent.

Sals. We leaue your Highneſſe to your good intent.

Exeunt Lords of England.

Lew. Now Vicount *Meloun*, what remaines behind?
Truſt me theſe Traytors to their Soueraigne State,
Are not to be beléeu'd in any ſort:

Meloun. Indeed my Lord, they that infringe their oths,
And play the Rebels gainſt their native King,
Will for as little cauſe reuolt from you,
If euer opportunity incite them ſo:
For once forſworne, and neuer after found,
There's no affiance after periury.

Lew. Well *Meloun*, well, lets ſmooth with them a while,
Vntill we haue as much as they can doe:
And when their vertue is exhaled drie,
Ile hang them for the guerdon of their helpe:
Meane while weele vſe them as a pretious poyſon,
To vndertake the iſſue of our hope.

Fr. Lo. Tis policy (my Lord) to bait our hookes
With merry ſmiles, and promiſe of much weight:

But

But when your Highneſſe needeth them no more.
Tis good make ſure worke with them, leſt indeede
They proue to you as to their naturall King.

Melun. Truſt mee my Lord, right well haue you adVenome for vſe, but neuer for a ſport (uiſde;
Is to be dallied with, leſt it infect.
Were you inſtald, as ſoone I hope you ſhall:
Be free from traitors, and diſpatch them all.

Lewis, That ſo I meane, I ſweare before you all
On this ſame Alter, and by heauens power,
There's not an Engliſh traitor of them all,
Iohn once diſpatcht, and I faire Englands King,
Shall on his ſhoulders beare his head one day,
But I will crop it for their guilts deſert:
Nor ſhall their heires enioy their Seigniories,
But periſh by their parents foule amiſſe.
This haue I ſworne, and this will I performe,
If ere I come vnto the height I hope.
Lay downe your hands and ſweare the ſame with me.

The French Lords ſweare.

Why ſo, now call them in, and ſpeake them faire,
A ſmile of *France* will feed an Engliſh foole.
Beare them in hand as friends for ſo they be:
But in the heart like traytors as they are.

Enter the Engliſh Lords.

Now famous followers, chieftanes of the world,
Haue we ſolicited with hearty prayer
The heauen in fauour of our high attempt.
Leaue we this place, and march we with our power
To rouſe the tyrant from his chiefeſt hold:
And when our labours haue a proſprous end,
Each man ſhall reape the fruit of his deſert.
And ſo reſolu'd, braue followers let vs hence.

Enter K. Iohn, Baſtard, Pandulph, *and many Prieſts with them.*

Thus *Iohn*, thou art abſolu'd from all thy ſinnes,
And freed by order of our Fathers curſe.
Receiue thy Crowne againe with this prouiſo,
That thou remaine true liegeman to the Pope,
And carry armes in right of holy Rome.
Ioh. I hold the ſame as tenant to the Pope,
And thanke your holineſſe for your kindneſſe ſhewne.
Philip. A proper ieſt, when Kings muſt ſtoop to Friers,
Need hath no law, when Friers muſt be Kings.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Pleaſe it your Maieſtie, the Prince of France,
With all the Nobles of you Graces Land
Are marching hitherward in good array.
Where ere they ſet their foot, all places yeeld:
Thy Land is theirs, and not a foot holds out
But Douer Caſtle which is hard beſiegd.
Pan. Feare not King *Iohn*, thy kingdome is the Popes,
And they ſhall know his Holineſſe hath power,
To beate them ſoone from whence he hath to doe.

Drums and Trumpets. Enter Lewis, Melun, Salisbury, Eſſex, Penbrooke, *and all the Nobles from* France *and* England.

Lewis. Pandulph, as gaue his Holineſſe in charge,
So hath the Dolphin muſtred vp his troupes,
And wonne the greateſt part of all this Land.
But ill becomes your Grace Lord Cardinall,
Thus to conuerſe with *Iohn* that is accurſt.

Pand.

Pan, *Lewis* of France, victorious Conqueror,
Whoſe ſword hath made this Iland quake for feare;
Thy forwardneſſe to fight for holy *Rome*,
Shall be re munerated to the full:
But know my Lord, K. *Iohn* is now abſolu'd,
The Pope is pleas'd the Land is bleſt agen,
And thou haſt brought each thing to good effect.
It reſteth then that thou withdraw thy powers,
And quietly returne to France againe,
For all is done the Pope would wiſh thee doe.
Lewis. But als not done that *Lewis came to doe.*
Why *Pandulph*, hath King *Philip* ſent his ſonne
And beene at ſuch exceſſiue charge in warres,
To be diſmiſt with words? King *Iohn* ſhall know,
England is mine, and he vſurps my right
Pand. Lewis I charge and thy, complices
Vpon the paine of *Pandulphs* holy curſe,
That thou withdraw thy powers to France againe,
And yeeld vp London and the neighbour townes
That thou haſt taue in England by thy ſword.
Melun. Lord Cardinall, by *Lewis* princely leaue,
It can be nought but vſurpation
In thee, the Pope, and all the Church of Rome,
Thus to inſult on Kings of Chriſtendome,
Now with a word to make them cary armes,
Then with a word to make them leaue their armes.
This muſt not be: Prince *Lewis* keepe thine owne,
Let Pope and Popelings curſe their bellies full.
Baſt. My Lord of *Melun*, what title had the Prince
To England and the Crowne of Albion,
But ſuch a title as the Pope confirm'd:
The Prelate now lets fall his fained claime:
Lewis is but the agent for the Pope,
Then muſt the Dolphin ceaſe, ſith he hath ceaſt:
But ceaſe or no, it greatly matters not,
If you my Lords and Barons of the Land

Will leaue the French, and cleaue vnto our King,
For ſhame yee Peeres of *England* ſuffer not
Your ſelues, your honours, and your Land to fall:
But with reſolued thoughts beate backe the French,
And free the land from yoke of ſeruitude.
Saliſ. *Philip* not ſo, Lord *Lewis* is our King.
And we will follow him vnto the death.
Pand. Then in the name of *Innocent* the Pope,
I curſe the Prince and all that take his part,
And excommunicate the rebell Peeres,
As traytors to the King and to the Pope.
Lew. *Pandulph*, our ſwords ſhal bleſſe our ſelues agen:
Prepare thee *Iohn*, Lords follow me your King. *Exeunt.*
Iohn. Accurſed *Iohn* the Diuell owes thee ſhame,
Reſiſting Rome, or yeelding to the Pope, all's one.
The Diuell take the Pope, the Peeres, and France:
Shame be my ſhare for yeelding to the Prieſt.
Pand. Comfort thy ſelfe King *Iohn*, the Cardinall goes
Vpon his curſe to make them leaue their armes. *Exit.*
Baſt. Comfort my Lord, and curſe the Cardinall,
Betake your ſelfe to armes, my troupes are preſt
To anſwer *Lewis* with a luſty ſhocke:
The Engliſh Archers haue their quiuers full,
Their bowes are bent, the pikes are preſt to puſh:
Good cheere my Lord, King *Richards* fortune hangs
Vpon the plume of warlike *Philips* helme.
Then let them know his brother and his ſonne
Are leaders of the Engliſhmen at armes.
Iohn. *Philip* I know not how to anſwer thee:
But let vs hence, to anſwer *Lewis* pride.

Excurſions. *Enter* Meloun *with Engliſh Lords.*

Mel. O I am ſlaine, Nobles, *Salisbury*, *Pembrooke*,
My ſoule is charged, heare me: for what I ſay
Concernes the Peeres of England, and their State.

Liſten

Liſten, braue Lords, a fearfull mourning tale
To be deliuered by a man of death.
Behold theſe ſcarres the dole of bloudy *Mars*
Are harbingers from natures common foe,
Citing this truncke to *Tellus* priſon-houſe;
Lifes charter (Lordings) laſteth not an houre:
And fearfull thoughts forerunners of my end,
Bids me giue Phiſicke to a ſickly ſoule,
O Peeres of England, know you what you doe?
There's but a hayre that ſunders you from harme,
The hooke is baited, and the traine is made,
And ſimply you run doting to your deaths.
But leſt I dye and leaue my tale vntolde,
With ſilence ſlaughtering ſo braue a crew.
This Fauerre, if *Lewis* win the day,
There's not an Engliſhman that lifts his hand
Againſt King *Iohn* to plant the heire of France,
But is already damnd to cruell death.
I heard it vow'd; my ſelfe amongſt the reſt
Swore on the Altar ayde to this Edict.
Two cauſes Lords, makes me diſplay this drift,
The greateſt for the freedome of my ſoule,
That longs to leaue this manſion free from guilt
The other on a naturall inſtinct,
For that my Grandſire was an Engliſhman.
Miſdoubt not Lords the truth of my diſcourſe,
No frenzie nor no brainſicke idle fit,
But well aduis'd, and wotting what I ſay,
Pronounce I here before the face of heauen,
That nothing is diſcouered but a truth.
Tis time to flye, ſubmit your ſelues to *Iohn*,
The ſmiles of France ſhade in the frownes of death.
Lift vp your ſwords, turne face againſt the French,
Expell the yoke thats framed for your necks.
Backe warremen, backe, imbowell not the clime,
Your ſeate, your nurſe, your birthdaies breathing place,

That

That bred you, beares you, brought you vp in armes.
Ah: be not so ingrate to digge your mothers graue,
Preserue your lambes and beat away the wolfe.
My soule hath said contritions penitence
Layes hold on mans redemption for my sinne. (heauen,
Farewell my Lords;witnesse my faith when we are met in
And for my kindnesse giue me graue-roome heere.
My soule doth fleet,worlds vanities farewell.
Salf. Now ioy betide thy soule well-meaning man,
How now my Lords, what cooling card is this?
A greater griefe growes now then earst hath beene.
What counsell giue you, shall we stay and dye?
Or shall we home and kneele vnto the King.
Pemb. My heart misgaue this sad accursed newes:
What haue we done? fie Lords what frenzie moon'd
Our hearts to yeeld vnto the pride of France?
If we perseuer we are sure to dye:
If we desist,small hope againe of life.
Salisb. Beare hence the body of this wretched man,
That made vs wretched with his dying tale
And stand not wailing on our present harmes,
As women wont:but seeke our harmes redresse.
As for my selfe,I will in hast be gone:
And kneele for pardon to our Soueraigne *Iohn*.
Pemb. I, there's the way, lets rather kneele to him,
Than to the French that would confound vs all. *Exeunt.*

Enter King Iohn *carried betweene two Lords.*

Iohn Set downe, set downe the loade not worth your (paine,
For done I am with deadly wounding griefe: (paine,
Sickly and succourlesse,hopelesse of any good,
The world hath wearied me,and I haue wearied it:
It loathes I liue, I liue and loath my selfe.
Who pities me?to whom haue I beene kinde?
But to a few; a few will pitie me.
Why die I not? Death scornes so vilde a prey.

Why

Why liue I not,life hates so sad a prize.
I sue to both to be retaind of either,
But both are deafe,I can be heard of neither.
Nor death nor life,yet life and nere the neere,
Ymixt with death,biding I wot not where.
Phil. How fares my Lord, that hee is carried thus?
Not all the aukward fortunes yet befalne,
Made such impression of lament in me.
Nor euer did my eye attaint my heart
With any obiect mouing more remorse,
Than now,beholding of a mighty King,
Borne by his Lords in such distressed Sate.
Iohn. What newes with thee,if bad, report it straight;
If good be mute, it doth but flatter me.
Phil. Such as it is and heauy though it be,
To glut the world with tragicke Elegies,
Once will I breath to aggrauate the rest,
Another moane to make the measure full.
The braueſt bow-man had not yet sent forth
Two arrowes from the quiuer at his side,
But that a rumor went throughout our Campe,
That *Iohn* was fled,the King had left the field.
At last the rumor scal'd these eares of mine,
Who rather chose, as sacrifice for *Mars*,
That ignominious scandall by retire.
I cheer'd the troupes,as did the Prince of Troy
His weary followers gainst the Mirmidons,
Crying aloud,S. *George*, the day is ours.
But feare hath captiuated courage quite,
And like the Lambe before the greedy Wolfe,
So heartlesse fled our war-men from the field.
Short tale to make, my selfe amongst the rest,
Was faine to flie before the eager foe.
By this time night had shadowed all the earth,
With sable curtaines of the blackest hue,
And fenc'd vs from the fury of the French,

As *Io* from the iealous *Iunoes* eye,
When in the morning our troupes did gather head.
Paſſing the waſhes with our carriages,
The impartiall tide deadly and inexorable,
Came raging in with billowes threatning death,
And ſwallowed vp the moſt of all our men,
My ſelfe vpon a Galloway right free, well pa'ed,
Outſtripd the flouds that followed waue by waue,
I ſo eſcap'd to tell this tragicke tale.
Griefe vpon griefe, yet none ſo great a griefe.
To end this life, and thereby rid my griefe.
Was euer any ſo infortunate,
The right Idea of a curſed man,
As I, poore I, a triumph for deſpight,
My feuer growes, what ague ſhakes me ſo?
How farre to *Swinſtead*, tell me, doe you know?
Preſent vnto the Abbot word of my repaire.
My ſickneſſe rages, to tyrannize vpon me,
I cannot liue vnleſſe this feuer leaue me.

Phil. Good cheere my Lord, the Abbey is at hand,
Behold my Lord, the Churchmen come to meet you.

Enter the Abbot and certaine Monks.

Abb. All health & happines to our Soueraigne Lord the
Iohn Nor helpe nor happineſſe hath *Iohn* at all. (King.
Say Abbot, am I welcome to thy houſe?

Abb. Such welcome as our Abbey can afford,
Your Maieſty ſhall be aſſured of.

Philip. The King thou ſeeſt is weake and very faint,
What victuals haſt thou to refreſh his Grace?

Abb. Good ſtore my Lord, of that you need not feare,
For Lincolnſhire, and theſe our Abbey grounds
Were neuer fatter nor in better plight.

Iohn. *Philip* thou neuer needſt to doubt of cates,
Nor King nor Lord is ſeated halfe ſo well,
As are the Abbeis throughout all the Land,
If any plot of ground do paſſe another,

The Friers faſten on it ſtrait:
But let vs in to taſte of their repaſt,
It goes againſt my heart to feed with them,
Or be beholding to ſuch Abbey groomes. *Exeunt.*

Manet the Monke.

Monke. Is this the King that neuer lou'd a Frier?
Is this the man that doth contemne the Pope?
Is this the man that robd the holy Church,
And yet will flie vnto a Friory?
Is this the King that aymes at Abbeis Lands?
Is this the man whom all the world abhorres,
And yet will flie vnto a Friory?
Accurſt be *Swinſtead* Abbey, Abbot, Friers,
Monkes, Nunnes, and Clarkes, and all that dwell therein,
If wicked *Iohn* eſcape aliue away.
Now if that thou wilt looke to merit heauen,
And be canoniz'd for a holy Saint:
To pleaſe the world with a deſeruing worke,
Be thou the man to ſet thy conntrey free,
And murder him that ſeekes to murder thee.

Enter the Abbot.

Abbot. Why are not you within to cheere the King?
He now begins to mend, and will to meate.

Monke. What if I ſay to ſtrangle him in his ſleepe?

Abbot. What, at thy *Mumpſimus*? away,
And ſeeke ſome meanes for to paſtime the King.

Monke. Ile ſet a dudgeon dagger at his heart,
And with a mallet knocke him on the head.

Abbot. Alas what meanes this Monke to murder me?
Dare lay my life hee'l kill me for my place,

Monke. Ile poyſon him and it ſhall ne're be knowne,
And then ſhall I be chiefeſt of my houſe.

Abb. If I were dead indeed he is the next,
But Ile away, for why the Monke is mad,
And in his madneſſe he will murder me.

Monke, My L. I cry your Lordſhip mercy, I ſaw you not.
Abbot, Alas good *Thomas* do not murther me, and thou ſhalt haue my place with thouſand thankes.
Mon. I murder you! God ſhield from ſuch a thought.
Ab. If thou wilt needes, yet let me ſay my prayers.
Mon. I will not hurt your Lordſhip good my Lord: but if you pleaſe, I will impart a thing that ſhall be beneficiall to vs all.
Ab. Wilt thou not hurt me holy Monke? ſay on.
Mon. You know my Lord, the King is in our houſe.
Ab. True.
Mon. You know likewiſe the King abhorres a Frier.
Ab. True.
Mon. And he that loues not a Frier is our enemy.
Ab. Thou ſaiſt true.
Mon. Then the King is our enemy.
Ab. True.
Mon. Why then ſhould we not kill our enemy, and the King being our enemy, why then ſhould we not kill the K.
Ab. O bleſſed Monke! I ſee God moues thy minde to free this land from tyrants ſlauery.
But who dare venter for to doe the deed?
Mon. Who dare? why I my Lord dare doe the deed,
Ile free my Countrey and the Church from foes,
And merit heauen by killing of a King.
Ab. Thomas kneele downe, and if thou art reſolu'd,
I will abſolue thee here from all thy ſinnes,
For why the deed is meritorious.
Forward, and feare not man, for euery month,
Our Friers ſhall ſing a Maſſe for *Thomas* ſoule.
Mon. God and S. *Francis* proſper my attempt,
For now my Lord I goe about my worke. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lewis *and his Armie.*

Lewis, Thus victory in bloody Lawrell clad,
Follows the fortune of young *Lodowike*,
The Engliſhmen as daunted at our ſight,

Fall

Fall as the fowle before the Eagles eyes,
Onely two croſſes of contrary change
Doe nip my heart, and vex me with vnreſt.
Lord *Meluns* death, the one part of my ſoule,
A brauer man did neuer liue in Fraunce.
The other griefe, I, that's a gall indeed,
To thinke that *Douer* Caſtle ſhould hold out
Gainſt all affaults, and reſt impregnable.
Yee warrelike race of *Francus Hectors* ſonne,
Triumph in conqueſt of that tyrant *Iohn*,
The better halfe of *England* is our owne:
And towards the conqueſt of the other part
We haue the face of all the Engliſh Lords,
What then remaines but ouerrunne the land?
Be reſolute my warrelike followers,
And if good fortune ſerue as ſhe begins,
The pooreſt peſant of the realme of France
Shall be a maſter ore an Engliſh Lord.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Lewis, Fellow, what newes?
Meſſ. Pleaſeth your Grace, the Earle of *Salisbury*, *Pembrooke*, *Eſſex*, *Clare*, and *Arundell*, with all the Barons that did fight for thee, are on a ſudden fled with all their powers, to ioyne with *Iohn*, to driue thee backe againe.

Enter another Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Lewis my Lord, why ſtandſt thou in a maze?
Gather thy troupes, hope not of helpe from Fraunce,
For all thy forces being fiftie ſaile,
Containing twenty thouſand ſouldiers,
With victuall and munition for the warre,
Putting them from *Callice* in vnlucky time,
Did croſſe the ſeas, and on the *Goodwin* ſands,
The men, munition, and the ſhips are loſt.

Enter another meſſenger.

Lewis, More newes? ſay on.
Meſſ. Iohn (my Lord) with all his ſcattered troupes,

Flying the fury of your conquering ſword,
As *Pharaoh* earſt within the bloody ſea,
So he and his enuironed with the tide,
On *Lincolne* waſhes all were ouerwhelmed,
The Barons fled,our forces caſt away.

Lew. Was euer heard ſuch vnexpected newes?

Meſſ. Yet *Lodowike* reuiue thy dying heart,
King *Iohn* and all his forces are conſum'd.
The leſſe thou needs the aide of Engliſh earles,
The leſſe thou needſt to grieue thy Nauies wracke,
And follow times aduantage with ſucceſſe.

Lewis, Braue Frenchmen arm'd with magnanimitie,
March after *Lewis*,who will lead you on
To chaſe the Barons power that wants a head,
For *Iohn* is drown'd,and I am Englands King.
Though our munition and our men be loſt,
Philip of France will ſend vs freſh ſupplies. *Exeunt.*

Enter two Friers laying a cloth.

Fr. Diſpatch,diſpatch,the King deſires to eate,
Would a might eat his laſt for the loue he beares to church men.

Fr. I am of thy minde too, and ſo it ſhould be and we might be our owne caruers.
I maruell why they dine here in the Orchard.

Fr. I know not,nor I care not. The King comes.

Ioh. Come on Lord Abbot,ſhall we ſit together?

Ab. Pleaſeth your Grace ſit downe.

Ioh. Take your places ſirs,no pompe in penury,all beggers and friendes may come, where Neceſſitie keepes the houſe,curteſie is barr'd the table,ſit downe *Philip*.

Baſt. My Lord, I am loth to allude ſo much to the prouerb,honors change maners: a King is a King,though Fortune do her worſt, & we as dutifull in deſpite of her frowns, as if your Highnes were now in the higheſt tipe of dignity.

Ioh. Come,no more adoe, and you tell me much of dignity,you'l marre my appetite in a ſurfet of ſorrow.

What

What cheere Lord Abbot,me thinks ye frown like an hoſt that knows his gueſt hath no money to pay the reckning?

Ab. No my Liege, if I frowne at all, it is, for I feare this cheere too homely to entertaine ſo mighty a gueſt as your Maieſtie.

Baſt. I thinke rather, my Lord Abbot, you remember my laſt being here, when I went in progreſſe for powches, and the rancor of his heart breakes out in his countenance, to ſhew he hath not forgot me.

Ab. Not ſo my Lord, you, and the meaneſt follower of his Maieſty,are heartily welcome to me.

Mon. Waſſell my Liege, and as a poore Monke may ſay,welcome to *Swinſtead*.

Iohn, Begin Monke,and report hereafter thou waſt taſter to a King. (owne heart.

Mon. As much health to your Highneſſe as to mine

Ioh. I pledge thee kind Monke. (England.

Mon. The merrieſt draught, that euer was drunke in Am I not too bold with your Highneſſe?

Ioh. Not a whit,all friends and fellowes for a time.

Mon. If the inwards of a toad be a compound of any proofe: why ſo it workes.

Ioh. Stay *Philip*,where's the Monke?

Baſt. He is dead my Lord.

Ioh. Then drinke not *Philip* for a world of wealth.
What cheere my Liege? your colour gins to change.

Ioh. So doth my life: O *Philip*,I am poiſon'd.
The Monke,the Diuell,the poyſon gins to rage,
It will depoſe my ſelfe a King from raigne.

Baſt. This Abbot hath an intereſt in this act.
At all aduentures take thou that from me.
There lie the Abbot,Abbey Lubber,Diuell.
March with the Monke vnto the gates of Hell.
How fares my Lord?

Ioh. Philip, ſome drinke,oh for the frozen Alpes,
To tumble on and coole this inward heate,
That rageth as the fornace ſeuen-fold hote.

To

To burne the holy tree in *Babylon*,
Power after power forſake their proper power,
Only the heart impugnes with faint reſiſt
The fierce inuade of him that conquers Kings,
Helpe God. O paine: dye *Iohn*, O plague
Inflicted on thee for thy grieuous ſinnes.
Phllip, a chayre, and by and by a graue,
My legges diſdaine the carriage of a King.
Baſt. A good my Liege with Patience conquer griefe,
And beare this paine with Kingly fortitude.
Iohn. Me thinkes I ſee a Catalogue of ſinne,
Wrote by a fiend in marble characters,
The leaſt enough to loſe my part in heauen.
Me thinkes the Diuell whiſpers in mine eares,
And tells me, 'tis in vaine to hope for grace,
I muſt be damn'd for *Arthurs* ſodaine death,
I ſee I ſee a thouſand thouſand men
Come to accuſe me for my wrong on earth,
And there is none ſo merciſull a God,
That will forgiue the number of my ſinnes.
How haue I liu'd, but by anothers loſſe?
What haue I lou'd, but wrack of others weale?
When haue I vow'd, and not infring'd mine oath?
Where haue I done a deed deſeruing well?
How, what, when, where, haue I beſtow'd a day
That tended not to ſome notorious ill?
My life repleate with rage and tyrannie,
Craues little pitty for ſo ſtrange a death.
Or, who will ſay, that *Iohn* deceaſd too ſoone?
Who will not ſay, he rather liu'd too long.
Diſhonour did attaint me in my life,
And ſhame attendeth *Iohn* vnto his death.
Why did I ſcape the fury of the French,
And dide not by the temper of their ſwords?
Shameleſſe my life, and ſhamefully it ends,
Scorn'd by my foes, diſdained of my friends.

Baſtard

Baſt. Forgiue the world and all your earthly foes,
And call on Chriſt, who is your lateſt friend.
Iohn. My tongue doth falter: *Philip*, I tell thee man,
Since *Iohn* did yeeld vnto the Prieſt of Rome,
Nor he nor his haue proſpred on the earth:
Curſt are his bleſſings, and his curſe is bliſſe.
But in the ſpirit I cry vnto my God,
As did the Kingly Prophet *Dauid* cry,
(Whoſe hands as mine with murther were attaint)
I am not hee ſhall build the Lord a houſe,
Or roote theſe locuſts from the face of earth:
But if my dying heart deceine me not,
From out theſe loynes ſhall ſpring a Kingly branch,
Whoſe armes ſhall reach vnto the gates of Rome,
And with his feet treade downe the Strumpets pride,
That ſits vpon the chayre of *Babylon*.
Philip, my heart ſtrings breake, the poyſons flame
Hath ouercome in me weake natures power,
And in the faith of Ieſu *Iohn* doth dye,
Baſt. See how he ſtriues for life, vnhappy Lord,
Whoſe bowels are diuided in themſelues.
This is the fruit of Poperye, when trhe Kings
Are ſlaine and ſhouldred out by Monkes and Friers.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ Pleaſe it your Grace the Barons of the Land,
Which all this while bare armes againſt the King,
Conducted by the Legate of the Pope,
Together with the Prince his Highneſſe ſonne,
Doe craue to be admitted to the preſence of the King.
Baſt. Your ſonne, my Lord, young *Henry* craues to ſee
Your Maieſtie, and brings with him beſide
The Barons that reuolted from your Grace.
O piercing ſight, he fumbleth in the mouth,
His ſpeech doth faile: lift vp your ſelfe my Lord,
And ſee the Prince to comfort you in death.

Enter Pandulph, *young* Henry, *the Barons with daggers in their hands.*

Prince. O let me see my father ere he dye:
O vncle, were you here, and suffred him
To be thus poysoned by a damned Monke?
Ah he is dead, Father, sweet Father speake.
Bast. His speech doth faile, he hasteth to his end.
Pandulph. Lords giue me leaue to ioy the dying King,
With sight of these his Noles kneeling heere
With daggers in their hands who offer vp
Their liues for ransome of their foule offence.
Then good my Lord if you forgiue them all,
Lift vp your hand in token you forgiue.
Salisb. Wee humbly thanke your royall Maiestie,
And vow to fight for England and her King:
And in the sight of *Iohn* our Soueraigne Lord,
In spight of *Lewis* and the power of France,
Who hitherward are marching in all haste,
We crowne young *Henry* in his fathers stead.
Henry. Helpe, Helpe, he dies; Ah father, looke on mee.
Legat. K. *Iohn* farewell in token of thy faith,
And signe thou diedst the seruant of the Lord,
Lift vp thy hand, that we may witnesse heere,
Thou diedst the seruant of our Souiour Christ.
Now ioy betide thy soule, what noyse is this?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Help Lords, the Dolphin maketh hitherward,
With Ensignes of defiance in the winde,
And all our armie standeth at a gaze,
Expecting what their leaders will commaund.
Bast. Lets arme our selues in young K. *Henries* right,
And beate the power of France to Sea againe.

Legate

Legate, Philip not so, but I will to the Prince,
And bring him face to face to parley with you.
Bast. Lord *Salisbury*, your selfe shall march with me,
So shall we bring these troubles to an end.
King, Sweet Vncle, if thou loue thy Soueraigne,
Let not a stone of *Swinstead* Abbey stand,
But pull the house about the Friers eares:
For they haue kill'd my Father and my King. *Exeunt.*

A parley sounded, Lewis, Pandulph Salisbury, *&c.*

Pand. Lewis of France, yong *Henry* Englands King
Requires to know the reason of the claime
That thou canst make to any thing of his.
King *Iohn* that did offend, is dead and gone,
See where his breathlesse trunke in presence lies,
And he as heire apparent to the crowne
Is now succeeded in his fathers roome.
Henry, Lewis, what law of armes doth lead thee thus,
To keepe possession of my lawfull right?
Answere; in fine if thou wilt take a peace,
And make surrender of my right againe,
Or trie thy title with the dint of sword:
I tell thee Dolphin, *Henry* feares thee not.
For now the Barons cleaue vnto their King,
And what thou hast in England they did get.
Lewis, Henry of England, now that *Iohn* is dead,
That was the chiefest enemy to France,
I may the rather be induc'd to peace.
But *Salisbury*, and you Barons of the Realme,
This strange reuolt agrees not with the oath
That you on *Bury* Altar lately swore.
Salis. Nor did the oath your Highnesse there did take
Agree with honour of the Prince of France.
Bast. My Lord, what answere make you to the King.
Dolph. Faith *Philip* this I say: It bootes not him,

Nor any Prince, nor power of Chriſtendome
To ſeeke to win this Iland *Albion*,
Vnleſſe he haue a party in the Realme
By treaſon for to helpe him in his warres.
The Peeres which were the party on my ſide,
Are fled from me: then bootes not me to fight,
But on conditions, as mine honour wills,
I am contented to depart the Realme.

Hen. On what conditions will your Highnes yeeld?

Lew. That ſhall we thinke vpon by more aduice.

Baſt. Then Kings and Princes, let theſe broiles haue end,
And at more leiſure talke vpon the league.
Meane while to *Worſter* let vs beare the King,
And there interre his body, as beſeemes.
But firſt, in ſight of *Lewis* heire of France,
Lords take the Crowne, and ſet it on his head,
That by ſucceſsion is our lawfull King.

They crowne young Henry.

Thus Englands peace begins in *Henries* Raigne,
And bloody warres are cloſ'd with happy league.
Let England liue but true within it ſelfe,
And all the world can neuer wrong her ſtate.
Lewis, thou ſhalt be brauely ſhipt to France,
For neuer Frenchman got of Engliſh ground
The twentith part that thou haſt conquered.
Dolphin thy hand; to *Worſter* we will march:
Lords all, lay hands to beare your Soueraigne
With obſequies of honour to his graue:
If Englands Peeres and people ioyne in one,
Nor Pope, nor France, nor Spaine can doe them wrong.

FINIS.